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THE MAN FROM AN AFRICAN JUNGLE

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TORONTO

AUTHOR

THE MAN FROM AN AFRICAN JUNGLE

BY

REV. W. C. WILCOX

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PREFACE

It is not generally known that the first work of the East Central African Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was begun at Inhambane. The archives in the main office of the Board will show that the writer went there with his wife in 1883, while Dr. J. O. Means was secretary.[1] They were there a year alone, learning the language and reducing it to writing, before another missionary arrived. The mission was formally organized at Inhambane as the East Central African Mission in 1885, with a duly elected president, secretary, and treasurer.

How a central African mission came to be started on the coast, needs explanation. As Dr. Means remarked, "The name is prophetic." The Inhambane mission was expected to be the first step toward the ultimate goal, which was Umzila's Kingdom—the territory where the mission is now established.

Umzila was a Zulu and many of his people were Zulus and spoke the Zulu language. It was thought, therefore, that this would be a proper field for the extension of the Zulu mission with Zulu native agents, foreign missionaries leading the way. While a new mission was being started on the west coast, aiming for the center of Africa, it was proposed to start another making for the same goal on the east coast, with Umzila's Kingdom for a basis.

The start, however, was baffled by many adversities and

[1] See Appendix A.

fortuitous circumstances. The Rev. Myron Pinkerton attempted to enter from Sofala, the nearest point on the coast, but contrary winds drove him south to Inhambane, two hundred miles lower down. Attempting to reach the king from that place overland, he lost his life by fever on the lowlands.

The Rev. Irwin Richards was more successful in reaching the king from the same point and gaining his sanction to return with five missionaries. But so many missionaries were not yet found for that mission.

It was therefore as a preliminary step while waiting for reinforcements that the writer and his wife were allowed to make a start at Inhambane.

When reinforcements finally came, another visit was made to the capital of the king, but it was not successful in obtaining a concession for a mission. Umzila was dead, and his son Gungunyana, did not remember any promise made by his father. It was not until Gungunyana had migrated south with his whole tribe and the country was occupied by the British South African Company, of which Cecil Rhodes was the head, that the way finally opened to enter the territory which was the original goal of the E. C. A. Mission.

It was on the occasion of Mr. Rhodes' first visit to the country—since called Rhodesia—that the writer, with Dr. Thompson, was commissioned to see Gungunyana, who had now settled near Delgoa Bay, and get his sanction for a mission among his people, and also get a concession from Mr. Rhodes to occupy the land which Gungunyana had vacated. Mr. Rhodes persuaded us to go on up with him, visit the country, and choose our site. The first chapter opens with this trip.

Mr. Rhodes gave us a very cordial reception. He invited us to dine with him twice on the overland trip, provided

us with donkeys, and arms, and ammunition for our expedition and promised us a grant of two thousand morgan for each married missionary residing in the place where he wanted us to locate.

From Umtali we took a circuit of three hundred miles around by Mount Selinda—now our principal station—and down the Buzi to the seacoast at Beira. Afterwards, all of our work at Inhambane, the churches, schools, buildings and translations were turned over to others, and our mission was transferred to Rhodesia—its present quarters.

This story does not purport to be an accurate chronological history. The pertinent incidents are described as they have impressed themselves on the author's mind without strict regard to the time and place of their occurrence. For that reason it has been advisable to use some fictitious names.

All the conversation of the natives is according to the author's interpretation, except that where "Tizora" is talking to newcomers who didn't know the vernacular, the effort is made to imitate the English which he was learning.

INTRODUCTION

"The Foreign Missionary" is first, last and always a man like the rest of us, except that he requires for his work more initiative, more adaptability, more courage, more endurance than most of us require.

The following pages contain a story which will bring afresh to all who read it, the human quality of the missionary's work. The story is full of shrewd observations upon men and methods. I have read it with keen interest. It should meet an eager reception alike from those who are interested in the work of Christianity among non-Christian peoples, and from those who like a good story for its own sake. I hope it may fall into the hands of many such.

CARL S. PATTON.

(Pastor First Cong. Church, Los Angeles, Cal.)

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	5
	INTRODUCTION	9
I.	THE MAN THAT CECIL RHODES PICKED OUT OF A CROWD	17
II.	THE MAN AS WE FOUND HIM	22
III.	MAKING A CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE	30
IV.	BREAKING GROUND IN THE JUNGLE	36
V.	SHADOWS FROM THE JUNGLE	40
VI.	IN PERILS OF WATERS	45
VII.	AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GOVERNOR AND WHAT CAME OF IT	53
VIII.	IN PERILS ON LAND	56
IX.	IN PERILS AMONG FALSE FRIENDS	61
X.	WORKING OUT SALVATION	66
XI.	HITCHING UP THE WIND	76
XII.	THE INGATHERING	80
XIII.	A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE	88
XIV.	ANGELASI'S ESCAPE	97
XV.	AN ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES AND THE KING'S TRIBUTE THAT CAME BACK	102
XVI.	SAINTS ACTUAL AND POTENTIAL	118
XVII.	DIVINE HEALING	125
XVIII.	BILLY'S JOKE	132
XIX.	HOW I CAME TO IMMERSE SOME CONVERTS	136
XX.	VENIT KID MCCOY	145
XXI.	RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH	154
XXII.	THE BAPTISM OF FIRE	161

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII.	Greta Hegberg's Story	169
XXIV.	The Blind Prophet	180
XXV.	Pentecostal Phenomena	189
XXVI.	We Lose Tizora	197
XXVII.	We Lose Miss Hegberg and Find Tizora Again	206
XXVIII.	The Black Knight	216
XXIX.	A Heroic Rescue	222
XXX.	The Man As We Left Him	234
	Appendix A	246
	Appendix B	248

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Facing page
Author	*Frontispiece*
Inhambane Bay	18
Tizora Navesse	28
Rat Island	50
The Witch Doctor	94
Billy	134
The Meeting in the Grove	182
Pakete's Wooing	198
Gikuki	234
As He Might Have Been	242

THE MAN FROM AN AFRICAN JUNGLE

THE MAN FROM AN AFRICAN JUNGLE

CHAPTER I

THE MAN THAT CECIL RHODES PICKED OUT OF A CROWD

THE inlets on the east coast of Africa where a deep-sea ship can find a safe harbor, are few and far between. One of the best is Inhambane, a Portuguese port, fifteen hundred miles north of Cape Town, on the estuary of a small river which forms a bay some twenty miles long and fourteen miles wide. The town of Inhambane, said to have been discovered by Vasco de Gama and colonized by Portuguese before other Europeans settled in South Africa, is about fourteen miles from the outside breakers.

When I first sailed up this bay on the little coasting schooner, Dee, of one hundred tons burden, the port had no steamer connection with the outside world. For fourteen days we had been beating up from Durban against a head wind. I had prided myself on being a good sailor, but that trip on the Dee took all the brag out of me—and everything else, for that matter. Any one who has had a similar experience can imagine how glad I was when we slid through the foaming breakers and came to anchor at last in the still waters of the bay. Only one thing troubled me. I would have to go back the way I had come or else walk seven hundred miles through a wild fever-infested country.

My rough experience at sea had prepared me to enjoy the sight of almost any kind of solid ground, but this strange new land our ship had entered was really a land to please the eyes of an artist, and was especially interesting to me as my first close sight of the tropics and a virgin missionary field. Low wooded hills veiled in a bluish haze swept to the horizon, while etched into the foreground of the white shore were the tall dark trunks of the cocoanut palms and beneath their delicate foliage could be seen the brown reed huts of the natives with their round conical roofs thatched with grass or palm leaves. Up and down the bay the launches of the Banian traders were gliding under their lateen sails, and the dugouts of the native fishermen were paddled lazily about the fish traps. As soon as a strip of beach was bared by the receding tide it was covered with naked heathen looking for shell fish.

It took a whole day for that schooner to beat up the fourteen miles with but little wind and the tide against us part of the way. Eight years later the steamer I came in on swung up the bay in less than two hours. The swiftly moving panorama fascinated me just as much as it had the first time I saw it. I was also interested in the comments of a fellow passenger who was seeing the place for the first time. The great Cecil Rhodes—he was called that even then—was on his way to that mid-African empire which was later to bear his name, accompanied by a large party of colonial notables. As our ship came to anchor in front of the old Portuguese town which lay under the shadow of an ancient fort surmounted by antiquated muzzle-loading guns, a great crowd of natives flocked down and massed themselves on the shore, as usual, to witness the landing and perhaps to pick up a chapeau (penny) or two by carrying freight or passengers ashore.

IMHAMBANE BAY

They were so near that faces could be distinguished easily. I stood beside Mr. Rhodes and his native interpreter and superintendent, Mr. Colenbrander, a Boer, who was to engage carriers for the overland trip to Salisbury. I knew one face and its owner responded to my smile of recognition. The keen eyes of the empire builder also caught the smile. He may, indeed, have thought the smile was intended for him, but without returning it, he said to Mr. Colenbrander:

"That's a good nigger! Get him for me." It was not my place to speak, but I could not help volunteering, "You're right in regard to his merit, but I don't think you'll get him."

"You know him then?" turning his shaggy brows on me.

"Yes, quite well."

"He's a good nigger, isn't he?" he insisted imperiously.

"He is *good* all right, but I call him a *man*."

"Well, call him what you like. He's a good nigger. I can tell a good nigger as soon as I see his face. You will spare no expense to get him for me," he concluded, turning to Mr. Colenbrander.

It was Tizora, my first convert and most valuable assistant during those early days of pioneering effort in Inhambane, and I knew that he would not be likely to make any promises before he had seen me. Still, I was a little anxious. Dr. Thompson, representing the American Zulu Mission, was with me, and we also were on an exploring expedition, long contemplated, to reach Mandhlakazi, the capital of a Zulu tribe in the interior. We intended to start from Beira, a site now of the East Central African Mission of the American Board, and we too were in need of carriers. I was in hopes, therefore, that Tizora would consent to be our headman. Colenbrander managed to get to him first, but that did not do

him any good. Tizora, hardly noticing him, edged away to me.

"Tizora!" I cried, giving him a hearty shake of the hand. "I was afraid you might be at Makodweni. We are on our way to Mandhlakazi and we want you to go with us."

A shadow clouded the bright countenance with which he had greeted me. "Mfundisi (Master), I cannot."

"But you must. We need you. Surely you will not refuse your old dadane (father)?"

"No, I could not refuse dadane anything. But you always taught me to be honest and to keep my promise. You would not have me break my promise for your sake?"

"No, but if it is one that merely binds you to a term of service, you can be bought off. What is it?"

"Sorry, dadane, but it is impossible. I borrowed money of the missionary to pay for my wife and I am to work it out at two milreis a month. I have another year to work."

"That's nothing. I'll pay the remaining debt. Come on."

"But the Mfundisi is at Makodweni. It will take two days to go there and return, and your ship goes out today."

With a friendly farewell, I turned away, but I was interested to see how Mr. Colenbrander would make out with him. I saw him approach Tizora once more, evidently sent back by Mr. Rhodes. I saw him beg, and plead, and threaten, and even shake a bag of gold sovereigns in his face, but all to no avail. He had to return to his chief and report a failure. Then there was an explosion of expletives which cannot be recorded here.

"Dash it!" rejoined the Boer. "Why you cuss me? Cuss the nigger. He got no more sense 'an a bullfrog. He look at my bag o' quids like dey's goose berries."

This incident may serve as a glimpse into the character of Tizora, a native Tonga, the dominant figure in this story of the establishing of an American mission in East Africa. I have before me a recent photograph. He is an elderly man now and an ordained minister, but age has made no change in the characteristic features which enabled Mr. Rhodes to point him out in a crowd as a "good nigger." He is one of the most remarkable and most esteemed of all my native acquaintances in Africa.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN AS WE FOUND HIM

AFTER the preliminary trip in the Dee mentioned in the beginning of the preceding chapter, I returned with my wife, Ida Belle, and our baby daughter Anna, to start a new mission in this place where no evangelical work had yet been undertaken. A part of our outfit was a white Basuto pony, Billy. It was a hazardous venture, for there was not then another horse in the whole province. All previous attempts to make use of horses here had met with failure. Tsetse fly or blue tongue soon made away with them. If we had realized the risk, perhaps we would not have undertaken it. But Billy was here now and the question was, how to get him ashore, as there was no wharf and no conveniences for landing that kind of freight.

Another problem also confronted us. Before we cast anchor, a boat came out to greet us containing custom officials and a doctor who warned us that we must not anchor near the shore, for a scourge of smallpox was raging among the natives in town and if anything from the ship touched the shore we would be quarantined on our return to Natal. It was a blank announcement to us after coming so far, and with such sanguine hopes of a propitious start in a virgin field.

"What are we to do?" we asked the captain in dismay.

"You must return with us to Durban," he replied, "for I can't send you ashore in the ship's boats, nor allow anything from the shore to touch the ship. It would mean

lying rocking in the swell outside of Durban harbor for a fortnight. I'm not in for that. No, not for Joseph, if he knows it."

"But," I answered firmly, "we are not going back to Natal. We have come here to stay and it will take something more than smallpox to make us change our minds."

"Well, you'll have to change your minds 'less you want us to chuck you into the sea."

"All right, chuck us into the sea." A bright thought flashed upon my mind. We had brought with us a small sail boat. "Put us into our boat with all our goods and we will paddle ashore."

"But what will we do with your horse?"

"Chuck him into the sea, too. He'll swim out all right."

There was less demur about that than about chucking us overboard. As we were determined, the captain finally consented. Our boat was lowered and filled with our goods, which left little room for ourselves; but in the short distance to the shore we thought we could manage it without submerging.

Billy was then taken out of his box, whinnying his delight to be free; a broad strip of canvas was put under his belly, and to his astonishment he was swung kicking and squealing into the air. Then he was lowered till his feet touched the water.

"Le' go!" shouted the boatswain. Then "Down went M'Ginty to the bottom of the sea." It seems that M'Ginty never came up again, but Billy did immediately. At first he pawed the air, as though he would climb out. Bred in the Drachenberg Mountains, where he had never known anything but sprinkling, this first experience of burial in baptism was an astonishment to him. Failing in an aerial flight, he dropped down once more, but his feet were a

long way from the bottom. Possibly he was frightened by the natives yelling on the shore, for he suddenly started for the open sea. Then it was our turn to be astonished, for we were utterly unprepared for it. The ship's boats were still in the davits. Our own boat was so full that it was useless for pursuit. The tide was running out with a strong current and Billy was beating the current for India.

"Save him!" I cried. For the moment I was tempted to take a header into the sea and would have been a treat for the sharks which swarmed around the ship. Fortunately I clung to the rail and if I did not say it, I at least thought, "Good-bye, Billy! Give my love to the missionaries over there when you get to Bombay."

Ida Belle, more sensible, was pleading with the captain to lower a boat. He hesitated on account of the quarantine, but when I promised remuneration he finally gave the order. At that moment, however, from out the crowd of natives that lined the beach sprang a smooth-limbed young Tonga and plunged into the brine, while cheers rent the air from shore and ship. It was fine the way he cut the water hand over hand.

"He'll catch him all right," said the captain.

"It's an even chance that the sharks get him first," said the boatswain. "See! There go two after him now."

We held our breaths as we saw the fins of two great fish hovering ready to make a dart in the direction of the swimmers. But the native heeded them not. In a few strokes he had caught the halter of the horse, and the sharks hung back as the two of them presented a strange new front which they dared not attack. Toward a spit of sand extending out into the channel, the native steered the pony and soon they could touch bottom and were

wading in shallow water. As they came out onto the beach a shout went up from the natives, "TI-ZO-RA!"

By this time the boat had been lowered and was ready to put off, but the captain ordered it back, saying, "Give the nigger a quid."

Bidding good-bye to the ship, we embarked in our boat, which sank to the gunwale with our added weight, but as there were no waves we managed to get to shore without shipping enough water to sink us. There a hundred natives swarmed about us to carry us out on their shoulders, bag and baggage. As soon as I had paid the porters a chapau (penny) for each trip, I made for the native who was still holding my horse, which whinnied at my coming. The native only grinned, when I thanked him profusely in Zulu, but he held out one hand insinuatingly, while he held the horse with the other. When I dropped a gold coin into it, the effect was scarcely more startling than if I had given him a punch in the solar plexus. Probably it was the first time in his life he had held the sterling coin of the British Realm in his hand. But he had some idea of what it was. He put it into his mouth and bit it and when he was satisfied that it was the genuine thing, he leaped into the air and with a whoop which attracted a crowd of natives around him, he started off on a run with the others at his heels.

"Stop! Come back!" I cried in Zulu. He stopped, but I could not make him understand until a Tonga who understood Zulu interpreted for me. Then I made known to him what I wanted. It was to take him into my service as a horse boy. "Would he engage?"

"Glad to."

"Then you must take the horse to some place where there is green grass and let him feed awhile. After that

you must find a stable for him and cut some grass for the night; then come to me for some grain."

So I sent him off with the horse, while we accepted the hospitality of the manager of the Dutch factory, Mr. Schippers, and repaired to his house for rest and refreshment. After dinner we sat on the verandah and watched the ship hoist anchor and sail away. It was five long months before we had connection with the outside world. The quarantine kept all ships away, but we were not unhappy, as we had no idea what was before us. As yet we had seen no signs of the plague. Besides, there was the elation of spirits which one always feels when first on land after a tedious voyage.

I questioned Mr. Schippers about the plague. "When did it begin? How bad is it?"

"It's only just begun," he declared, "and it's deadly. It is going to clean out the native part of the town, and it's time it had a cleaning out. Strange to say, it does not attack white people, at least it has not yet. But we know smallpox is no respecter of persons."

"You are vaccinating, I suppose?"

"Vaccinating!" he exclaimed. "What will we vaccinate with? There is no virus within five hundred miles and no way to get any here. *Aber, dunder und blitzen! Vas ist?*" he roared in German.

It was a file of soldiers from the fort rushing by with fixed bayonets that occasioned this outburst. Everywhere people were rushing after them. Naturally we grabbed our hats and followed with the crowd. We were just in time. We found the soldiers drawn up in line ready to fire. Tizora had led Billy to an open glade in the public square. Refreshed by his salt water bath and delighted at the sight of fresh green grass, he squealed the exuberance of his joy and kicked up his heels. This

raging beast was a different proposition from the white head the boy had seen protruding from the waves. He dropped the halter in fright. Seeing his timidity and being in for a good time, Billy charged on him with mouth open and ears laid back and Tizora swarmed up a nearby cashew tree, where he sat chattering like a frightened monkey. Then the frolicsome pony turned his attention to the crowd of natives who had followed to gaze on a beast that was a rarer sight to them than a lion would be to us.

I restrained the soldiers from firing, but not until I had caught Billy and led him away to find a hut where I could stable him for the night, could they be persuaded to march back to the fort.

When we had found a hut and had given the horse a feed and groomed him down, I made Tizora understand that he was now free to have a little time to himself. If I had known what kind of a time he was going to make of it, I would not have been quite so liberal. He made for the nearest canteen and with the sovereign I had given him bought a garafau (gallon jug) of aguardente, a kind of brandy distilled from the cashew fruit. With this refreshment he went to the native quarters and in less than an hour, every man, woman and child who was not dying with the smallpox was gloriously drunk.

I had to look after my horse myself that night, for I could not find a native sober enough to be trusted with him. In the morning I received word that my servant was in the *trunk* (caboose). "Would I come and bail him out?"

I went to see him with some reluctance, having a mind to let him stay there and get another horse boy. But it was a very humbled darkey that I found in the lockup. There were several contusions on his head and shins, showing what a good time he had been having. He had

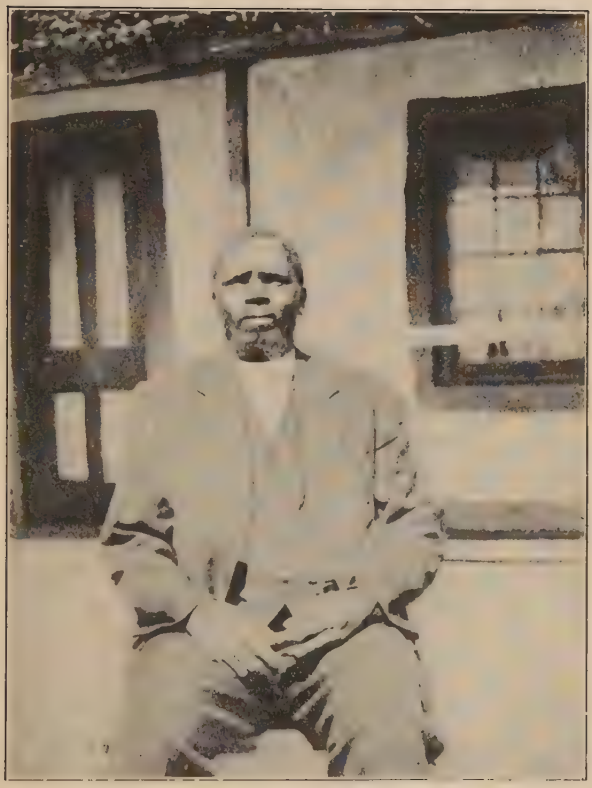
no money left and he was fined ten milreis or three months' hard labor for broiling. The public works of the Portuguese were nearly all supplied with this kind of labor, as also were the ranks of the native contingent of the army.

Tizora plead so hard, promising reformation, that I concluded to try him, and paid his fine. I thought when I got him away from the canteens there would not be so much temptation. He showed his gratitude by trying to please me in every way. He did not understand my Zulu at first, but the Tonga is a dialect of the Bantu, and is so closely akin to the Zulu that he caught on to it with surprising rapidity.

The smallpox now raging among the natives in the town was said to be of a kind that did not affect Europeans, possibly because they kept themselves cleaner. We did not want, however, to take any chances with our baby, who had not been vaccinated, and learning that there was no plague, as yet, at the end of the bay to the north, we decided to move up there at once. I had visited a place called Cocha on my previous exploring tour and marked it as a good site for our mission station, and we set out for this place the following morning.

I sent Tizora with the horse forty miles around the head of the bay to where the river could be forded. Having loaded all our goods in one of Mr. Schippers' big launches, we embarked with our boat trailing behind. With the wind and tide in our favor, we should easily have reached our destination before night. But we learned that day what was confirmed by subsequent experience, that the wind and tide have a way of their own which is quite apt not to be man's way.

As the day advanced the gentle breeze with which we started sank to a dead calm. We could only drift with the outflowing tide. It was pleasant to watch the natives



TIZORA NAVESSE

digging clams and catching fish as we passed lazily along, but there was an uneasy feeling that we were not getting anywhere. Then the tide turned, and our boatmen had to take to their sweeps and poles. They could make very little headway against the current; so when night shut down it found us stuck fast in a mangrove swamp with several miles yet to go up a sluggish river. Thus there was nothing to do but to eat the supper we had brought with us and spread our blankets on top of our goods and wait for another day. Dead tired as we were by the busy day's adventure, we did not ask for any better quarters and we never had a sweeter sleep.

When we awoke we had arrived at our destination. Our boatmen had taken an early start and poled up the river when the tide turned.

There was an old hut not far from the river which I intended to occupy while I built a house for ourselves. Thither we had our goods transported on the heads of native carriers. And here began our mission in the African jungle.

CHAPTER III

MAKING A CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE

THERE was engraved on my commission as a missionary, the picture of a venerable looking divine in a long-tailed coat standing under a palm tree with an open book in his hand, preaching to a crowd of dusky natives who were eagerly quaffing his message. That was the vision. How different was the reality!

Here were the palm trees all right, but we soon learned that the natives preferred the sap of the trees, which quickly turned into an intoxicating drink, to the water of life which we brought them. Why should they not do so? We did not bring it in any shape that they could imbibe. Not a word of their language had ever been printed, and how could I preach when their lingo was like the chattering of monkeys to me?

When I did undertake to talk to them, it was not in a long-tailed coat. I felt I would have been much more comfortable if I could dress as they did. I did not do that quite! But got as near to it as the law would allow.

The first cut in the jungle was to get the language and write it. How was that to be done? What sort of axes and bush hooks were to be used? In the books on missions that I had read it seemed to be a very simple thing to swap ideas with the heathen. One would suppose there is no barrier to speak of in the way. In reading one of the most popular missionary books of the day, "Thinking

Black," I could not help wondering how the author could go clear across Africa, through countless different tribes, and absorb so much of native thinking, and have so little to say about the many different dialects that he must have encountered. Is it possible that he learned them all? Or did he use an interpreter? I suppose he thought these were unessential details of no special interest to the general reader.

But I found these difficulties of dialect a very real issue, and one that had to be negotiated at every step of the way. And it was a very long way—in which rivers of strange accents had to be forded and mountains of idioms climbed. The great majority of the missionaries I have known never mastered the language of the natives so that they were perfectly at home in it. But I felt that it was the one important thing—if I were to realize in any degree the vision portrayed on the seal of my commission.

How was I to begin it with only these jabbering tongues for my guide, and no grammar, or dictionary, or book of any kind to refer to for assistance? All my previous study of languages had been done with the help of books. I had never had any instruction as to how to study a language without a book. That was not in my college curriculum. Going back to first principles, I tried to recall how I had acquired my own language. Our little child Anna, who was just learning to talk, gave me the proper clue. I perceived she was always watching and listening, pointing to the things she could not name, and imitating the sounds we made.

I followed the same method with the natives.

In the course of time, by close observation, I came to discern in the bewildering jabber of grunts and gurgles, some sounds that I thought I could make myself. I attempted them and was encouraged when I saw that I was

understood. I had no idea what part of speech I had used, whether it was a noun, verb, or adverb, or whether the sounds made a single word, sentence or phrase. But I was pretty sure after that of the meaning of that particular assortment of catcalls. It was equivalent to our question, "What is this?" or "What is it?" I wrote it down with our Roman alphabet. "Gi-na-ni-egi?" It was an achievement, a bush hook with which I began to slash a road through a jungle of bewildering vocables.

When Tizora was not looking after my horse I kept him by my side, probing him constantly with my bush hook, "*Ginani egi?*" and I tried to write down whatever grunts, or groans, or gurgles came from his mouth. It was not an easy job. Sometimes I thought it would be easier to spell a Christian grunt with English letters. What letter can be used to represent the tearing off of a piece of cloth, or the gurgling of water as it is poured out of a jug, or the sound of steam when the guage cock is touched? Not that these sounds are exactly the same as I heard, but it seemed to me at first that it would be as easy to represent such sounds with letters.

I would write them down as best I could, but when I came to read them off again after they got "cold," my helper would look perfectly blank. "He had never given me any such words." I would say that he had. He would still insist that he had *not*. The trouble was that when I came to read the words spelled with English letters, I naturally pronounced the sounds the English letters called for, which were quite different from those the natives had given me.

We see that constantly being done in these Bantu dialects. Even so accomplished a writer as Rider Haggard, who is supposed to have a good knowledge of Zulu, spells the name of the Zulu king "Cetewayo." I suppose he

would pronounce it "Set-e-way-yo," a name which no Zulu would suppose was meant for "Cetsh-wa-yo," in which name the first letter stands for neither an "s," nor a "c," nor a "k," but for a sound that only a Zulu can make naturally.

Sometimes there was a misunderstanding of the content of my question, "*Ginani egi?*" I want the leaf of a tree, and I point to one and say "*Ginani egi?*"—and I get "*Laranja.*" So I write it down in my note book, "Laranja, a leaf." But it happens that the leaf was on an orange tree and my helper thought I meant the tree. If I had not discovered my mistake in the meantime, I would have translated the line in the First Psalm, "His orange tree shall not wither."

However, I gradually filled my note book with words and phrases and learned to pronounce them so that Tizora understood them, partly because he came to understand my "shriveled up tongue," as he called it, and partly because I was really getting hold of the pronunciation.

Goin, on the art of learning a language, says that the natural way to learn a language is by sentences. It did not come that way with me. I acquired a long list of words, both nouns and verbs, and could use them in making my wants known before I could put them into correct sentences.

The verbs were not so easy to get as the nouns. They could not be slashed out with my bush hook so well. There was always more uncertainty as to what was wanted when I said "*Ginani egi?*" I could shake my fist and ask, "*Ginani egi?*" But my helper could not be sure whether I wanted the word for fist or the motion of it, or whether I was threatening him with a hiding. I had to experiment a good many times before I could be sure I had the right word. Still more baffling was it to get hold of the adverbs

and conjunctions. There was nothing to point to or that could be illustrated by any sort of action.

We had an amusing experience in trying to get the word for "kiss." As there was no desirable subject at hand for illustration, Ida Belle helped out by kissing Anna, and asked Pakete, a native girl we had engaged for nurse, "*Ginani egi?*" She did not know. She was not sure what such an operation would be called in Tonga. Tizora coming in just at the moment, Pakete went up to him and gave him a loving smack on the cheek with the inquiry, "*Ginani egi?*" He didn't know either. It was a new experience in his life, but not at all disagreeable, for he returned the smack before he could make up his mind. Then they had a controversy as to which was the right word. He claimed one word and she another. Finally to settle the matter I took down both words. It was not till some time afterwards that I learned what the words really mean. One is to smack the lips and the other to lick the chaps.

A missionary who came into the field two years later than we did told me he had got the names of the days of the week a short time after his arrival. Such precocity was amazing to me, as I had no such words in my dictionary of the two thousand words that I had collected by this time. Of course, I wanted to get them from him to add to my vocabulary. But I had to laugh when he told me what they were. He started with the Portuguese word "Domingo," for Sunday, which the natives who came in contact with the Portuguese knew; then he got the words for "yesterday" and "day before yesterday," and a third word which we do not have in English, which means the day anterior to the day before yesterday. Thus, he had days for Thursday, Friday and Saturday. In the same way he took the words for "tomorrow," "day after tomorrow," and a third word, which we do not have, meaning, "the day

following day after tomorrow," as Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Thus he thought he had got all the days of the week! But of course if he had happened to do his studying on some other day besides Sunday he would have got entirely different names for the days of the week.

The use of books ought to be a great help in the study of a language. But I never got hold of a working use of a language so quickly as I did with the Tonga, without any books but those we made ourselves as we went along. It was a case of necessity and close application.

CHAPTER IV

BREAKING GROUND IN THE JUNGLE

HAVING cleared a space so that I could make a little advance into the minds of the jungle folks by a use of these fragments of their language, I was impatient to be about the business on which I came. I wanted to break some ground and sow some seed. I had the enthusiasm of the young missionary to publish the Glad Tidings to these people who had never heard it, and see how eagerly they would receive it.

But, at the very first step, I saw how small was the space I had cleared in the jungle of their language, how inadequate were the words I had acquired to express the great truths of the Gospel. As yet I had found not one word for any abstract idea. How could I preach the Glad Tidings to the heathen when I could find no word in their language for virtue, or faith, or God, or sin? I was trying to get a word for virtue, and I told Tizora of Joseph's temptation by Potiphar's wife and asked him, "What would you call him?"

"What I call him? Why he fool." (I may here say that though our talks were always in the vernacular, I give the thought here always in English.)

The word which he used to express his idea of Joseph's character was really not so far away from virtue as many of the words used by missionaries are from the spiritual ideas they want to express. I know the missionary who comes to an old mission where there are Bibles and books already published in the vernacular, will find words in use for all these ideas. So it will surprise him, as it did me, to

know that the original pioneers did not find these words. They had to be coined, or new meanings invented and attached to old words by long use of them in the new sense.

With Tizora as my first heathen to practice on, I asked, "Do you know why we left home and friends far across the wide ocean and came out here to spend our lives among you?"

"No." He had no more idea than he had of why other white people had come.

"Well, I will tell you. It is to tell you of God's love for you and to bring you the message of His salvation. Don't you want to be saved?"

"Saved?" he asked wonderingly. "Saved from what?"

What should I say? There is no word in any of the Bantu dialects equivalent to the Biblical idea of sin. So I used the Portuguese word *pecadu*, which he had heard. But that was unhappy, for all he knew about *pecadu* was that it was eating meat on Friday, and as he seldom had any meat other than fish and didn't know Friday from any other day, his *pecadus* didn't trouble him at all. He had none. Then I tried the Tonga equivalent for the word which is used for sin in the Zulu Bible, *isono*. The root meaning of *isono* is to do wrong or harm. But the Tonga's idea of wrong is somewhat different from the Bible idea. Lying, stealing, even adultery is not wrong if one does not get caught at it. But it is wrong for a girl to eat an egg, or a boy to kill a cat, or for a man to eat sour milk in a neighbor's kraal.

"Have you no wrongs?" I asked.

"He might have some, but he didn't see why he should worry about them. It's the other fellow perhaps who might worry." I was getting into deep water. It was rather a relief when he switched the subject a little by asking, "Who is God?"

There was much indecision among the missionaries to the Zulus as to what name should be used for God. A word borrowed from the *Isixosa* was first used in the Zulu Bible. It was not known by the Zulus and did not mean God in the *Isixosa*. Some of the missionaries of the English Church tried to introduce the Latin word, but that was still more unfortunate, for *Dio* as the Zulus would pronounce it is nothing but an old pot. Now there has come to be pretty general agreement on *Unkulunkulu*. Irrespective of its cumbersome length, it is a question whether *Unkulunkulu* was the Creator or the first man. The literal meaning of it is, "The Great-Great." In reply to Tizora's question I used the Tonga equivalent of *Unkulunkulu* and said "*Nungungulu* is the Creator of the world and all that is in it. He loves us and wants us to love Him and obey His laws."

"*Nungungulu?* No, we don't know him. He hasn't been heard from for a long time," said Tizora flatly. "We thought he must be dead. Where does he live now?"

The only word I could get for sky or heaven was "*injajini*," which also means rain or weather. The word used in Zulu for heaven has the same meaning, but I never suspected it until I studied the Tonga. When I replied to his question, "*injajini*," he looked up into the azure vault and retorted with an incredulous grin, "What does he stand on up there?"

I was not making headway very fast in my first experiment at publishing the gospel in the vernacular. Nevertheless I persevered until I had written out a pretty full account of the creation and fall of man and God's plan of salvation and committed it to memory and rehearsed it to Tizora, having him correct all mistakes. Then I went around from kraal to kraal and preached it to everybody I could get to listen to me. In one day I preached it four-

teen times. How much the natives got out of it I do not know, but I know I got a lot out of it in the facility to use what language I had acquired.

One of our old Zulu evangelists once told me that, "If I should go up into Zululand, where preaching had never been heard, and preach as I do to Christian natives they would not understand me." Imagine then what these untutored savages could have made of my first discourse on matters that were absolutely foreign and abstract, after I had been among them barely three months! I mention this because it is a matter of which candidates for the foreign field have very little conception. It takes patience, and time, and study not only of the language, but of the customs and ways of thinking of the untutored savages, in order to make them understand the gospel message. Dr. Tyler told me that once when he had preached very earnestly of the storm of God's wrath that was coming on the people if they did not repent and turn from their evil ways, an old heathen came up to him after the service and said he was glad to hear that a storm is coming, for the crops were very much in need of rain!

Many young missionaries come out to the foreign field with the idea that it is going to be so much easier to make converts in a virgin field where the people have not been gospel-hardened. A few years from this time I met a young lady in Natal who was on her way to Inhambane as a missionary. She said her secretary had given her ten days after she landed to have a revival! I saw her again two years later and asked her if she had had her revival yet. She looked at me as if I meant to insult her.

"Forgive me, sister," I apologized. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but don't you think your secretary should give you an extension of time for your revival?"

CHAPTER V

SHADOWS FROM THE JUNGLE

I HAD thought the language the greatest of our difficulties, but now something greater still made us forget everything else for a time.

It was not the fever season when we arrived, and we knew that if we avoided the swamps we might expect to keep well for some time. But the very first night, we had been compelled to sleep in a swamp when our boat stuck fast in the mud. Promptly a fortnight afterwards we all began to show symptoms of fever. With Ida Belle and myself it was only enough to make us feel lazy and take our appetites away. But when baby Anna came down with it, it proved something serious.

I cannot recall without a shudder the anxiety of those days and nights as we hung over her. With her alive and well and toddling about, we were content and happy, even in this wilderness among the heathen. That to us she was the sweetest child in the world, goes without saying. But she won the hearts of everybody who saw her, on the steamer coming over, as well as here among the natives and white people.

There was a Portuguese neighbor exiled from Lisbon for complicity in a riot, who used to come and spend hours every day playing with her. Rough and hardened man as he was, he was gentle as a kitten with her, and her abject slave.

But the fever which laid hold of her some time after we

had recovered from our first attack, was of the most malignant type. She sank rapidly and we feared the end had come. She turned stiff and cold in what we thought might be the rigor of death. "Oh, God!" we cried, with breaking hearts, "if it be possible, spare her. If not, release her from this terrible agony and take her to Thyself."

As we rose from our knees we saw a change had come over her already. I grasped my dear wife's hands and we looked into each other's eyes. We both felt, for the moment, that we must be prepared for the worst. Then we looked again. Dare we hope? Yes, praise God! She was quietly sleeping. Half an hour later she awoke and murmured, "Mama, dink."

From that time her recovery seemed miraculous. Call it answer to prayer, divine healing or what you like, I simply state the fact—in two days she was running about apparently as well as ever.

Soon after this Tizora complained of a headache and asked to go home to his uncle's kraal which was only a short distance down the river. I thought it was only a little malaria which he had got the same as all the rest of us and he would be back in a day or two. But a week passed without his putting in an appearance. There was nothing alarming about that for a native. When he promises to come back tomorrow, if he shows himself a week from tomorrow it is doing pretty well for him.

On a quiet Sunday afternoon, I said to Ida Belle, "Let us take a ride down the river and see what has become of Tizora."

"But baby?" she said. "Dare we take her through the swamp?"

"Why, yes. There will be no danger when the tide is in until sundown."

So we set out. Pakete carried Anna the mile walk to

the river, and Angelasi, her brother, a husky native we had hired for a boatman, rowed us down.

It was a pleasant ride on the glassy surface of the river, and as the tide had not turned, there was no perceptible current. Little Anna was in high glee and crowed her delight at seeing a flock of flamingos with their great blood-red wings go soaring overhead, and a troop of monkeys skip from tree to tree, chattering at us as we glided gently along. One of them tried to leap across to a tree on the opposite bank of the river where the trees came close together, but catching only a leaf of the branch he was aiming at, fell with a splash into the water. We could not help laughing at his bedraggled appearance as he crawled up onto the bank, and he resented it with a volley of monkey profanity as we passed along.

Finally we came to the kraal where Angelasi said Tizora ought to be. It was not far from the bank, and I went ahead as a matter of precaution, for though we had not heard of the plague's having reached this side of the bay, it was well to be on the safe side. Not receiving any answer to my salutation, I pushed open the door of the first hut and looked in. A silent form lay on the ground.

"Hello!" No answer. "Hello!" again. Not the slightest response.

I then approached and laid my hands on the man's body; it was stiff and cold. Looking more closely, I saw that his face and arms were covered with pustules. Then I caught the sickening odor of death. With an exclamation of horror I fled the hut. My first thought was to make for the boat, but a groan from another hut called me back. It was hardly Christian to run away when help might be needed, so I went into the next hut. There lay another silent form on the ground. No groan came from him—he ought to have been buried some time ago.

The sickening stench drove me out and I then found that the groan came from a third hut. I thought I recognized the voice. At any rate, I must enter and see. I was not mistaken. It was my Tonga helper.

"Master," he groaned as he turned his face towards me, red and covered with pustules, "I am dying. Leave me. There is only death in this place."

"Tizora," I cried, "is that you? Where are the rest of the kraal?"

"Some are dead. The rest have all fled and left me to die. You must not stay. It will be death to you. Leave me. You can do nothing for me. I will soon be gone."

"But, Tizora, I can't go and leave you here with no one to help you."

I dared not go near my wife and child now. I rushed out of the hut and called to her, "Go home as fast as you can and send Angelasi with food, and blankets, and my medicine case."

Though I spoke in English, Angelasi divined the situation, and against the protestations of my wife, pushed off the boat in desperate haste and rowed for dear life up stream.

Then I went back to see what could be done. First I found a hoe and dug a hole in the sand; then I dragged the rotten corpses out. Ugh! The horror of it! I had to pause frequently in order to go aside and get a breath of fresh air. I had to haul them by the legs and I nearly toppled over one of them as I was getting a hold. The worst nightmares I have ever had since were when I was doing that job over again. But it had to be done. I could not stay there while that reeking corruption was above ground, and I never could have got Angelasi to bury them.

I next took a bath in the river and got some clean grass

for Tizora's bed, and I got him a drink of water. By this time Angelasi had come with food, blankets and medicines. He chucked them onto the bank some distance up the river and called to me to come and get them. I covered the patient with a clean blanket and made him a cup of tea, which he drank greedily. Then I gave him a sedative powder which put him into a quiet sleep.

For five days I waited and watched. I had no idea it would be such a long job. It probably would not have been long for him if I had not come. The contagion was of the most virulent type. Without any sanitation or care, cases that did not result in death were the exception. I went into one village afterwards where there was not a living person left to tell the tragic story of what had happened.

No one came near us. The few that ventured by in boats on the river, made haste with rags to their noses. On the fifth day my patient was able to sit up and take a little food. Then one of his uncle's wives ventured back, so that I could be spared, and after a bath and a change of clothes, which Angelasi brought me, I went home.

By this time the doctor at Inhambane had obtained some virus, so I got some and vaccinated all of our family and our nearest neighbors, and, so far as I know, none of them took the plague.

CHAPTER VI

IN PERILS OF WATERS

WHEN I got home, I found more trouble awaiting us. A gendarme appeared at our door bearing an official document. I opened it and found it to be from the Governor of Inhambane wanting to know by what authority I was carrying on a mission in this Province. I should know that it is unlawful to preach or teach any religion in this Province unless I am prepared to submit to the authority of His Holiness the Catholic Bishop at Mozambique.

I knew we were under a Roman Catholic Government, and subsequent experience taught me something of Portuguese diplomacy. But this was a new thing to me then and I was greatly disturbed. I had heard much of the persecution of Protestants by the Catholics at Madeira, but I had not come here without some considerable assurance that we would be free from molestation. I had seen the Governor on my preliminary trip, and he gave me to understand that I need fear no trouble, though he did not give me a formal concession. All the traders and ranchers with whom I talked, however, assured me that I need not worry.

But now a new Governor had come to Inhambane and had doubtless been egged on to do this thing by the priests. I knew that my notions about the papacy and religion in general could not be acceptable to any Catholic, and here was the edict from the powers that be. I was not prepared to submit to the spiritual guidance or authority of the

Roman Catholic Bishop, or any other Bishop but the Lord Jesus Christ. What then? After all the trouble and expense connected with coming here and getting a good start, were we to be hustled out of the country?

"Angelasi!" I called, "Get sails and oars. *Hongodi Sewe.*" (We are going to Inhambane.)

Ought I not to have taken some time for prayer to ascertain the Lord's will before starting off pell mell as I did? I did pray, but I didn't go into a closet to do it, nor slack one moment in my preparations. There are times when "The King's business requires haste." But I prayed all the way there, prayed as I was pulling with all my might against a tide that was sucking us down to certain death. But supplication had to be made to the Governor of Inhambane and the sooner it was made the better.

In less than twenty minutes I was in the *Indui*, with Angelasi making good speed down the river. We had christened our boat by another name, but "*Indui*" was the only name the natives had for it, as it first appeared on the bay in the time of the *indui* (smallpox).

Charles Finney, in his autobiography, tells how on starting out to hold a meeting in a certain place, he asked the man who drove him if his horse was safe.

"Perfectly safe. Why?"

"Because it is very important that I should be at this meeting, and if the devil can make this horse run away and kill us, so as to prevent the meeting, he will do it."

And in spite of the man's assurance, this perfectly safe horse, which was never known to do such a thing before, ran away twice, and Mr. Finney and his driver barely escaped with their lives!

Now if it were the devil who tried to kill Mr. Finney that time, it must have been the same old chap who tried

to do away with me on that trip to Inhambane. If it was the devil, I can certainly say he made a good try of it, and only came a little short of bringing our mission to an abrupt end.

A light air was wafting up the river as we started, so we couldn't use the sail, but the tide was going out and we made good time with the oars. Angelasi said we would find more wind when we got out into open water. I did not understand whether he thought it would be favorable or otherwise. Perhaps he did not know. But he was cheerful as always and sang as he pulled, "*A i kona, a i kona bulukwenje.*" (There are no, there are no, there are no pants at all.) This was a detail which had not escaped my observation as to his dress and that of the natives in general of the country, and I didn't see why I should be reminded of it at this juncture. However, after he had sung it for half an hour, I took the hint and told him that if he would give me a rest on that solo and introduce a little variety, I would give him a pair of pants when we got to Inhambane.

The instant we emerged from the mangrove trees which border the river we were struck by a breeze nearly dead against us. It would have been wiser to order about ship and take another day for it. But I thought with a long leg and a short leg we could beat around the point at Mongwe and would then find a nearly fair wind.

My thinking was not good that time. In spite of the best we could do, we were driven back into a mangrove swamp. The mast caught in the overhanging branches and we were capsized in an instant. Our ship did not sink, but it filled with water and it was impossible for us to bail it out where we were, half submerged by the high tide. How near we were to the shore we could not tell. But we must try to reach it, for it would be death to stay there all

night shivering among the trees. Our only way was along the branches of the trees, for the water was too deep to wade. Finally we got to a place where Angelasi said he could touch bottom and he dropped down. It was up to his waist, but he took me on his shoulders. I might just as well have waded, for I was completely soaked. Thus seated on his strong shoulders with his head between my knees we soused along till we reached the land.

In a deserted hut, and plenty of them were to be found after the plague, I sought to build a fire, for my teeth were chattering with the cold. There was plenty of wood, but my matches were soaked, of course. Oh, how bitterly I moaned for a fire! Angelasi no longer sang about the pants he hadn't got, but he was cheerful as ever. There was only one thing wanting to make him completely happy. That was a light for the cigar which he carried behind his ear. I watched him, expecting to hear something besides singing when he found the matches were wet. But he didn't even inquire for the box. He asked me for my knife.

Wondering what he was going to do with it, I silently handed it to him. Had he found a flint to strike a light with? It was a still more primitive method he took. I had read of wild tribes kindling fires by the friction of dry sticks and I once tried it myself with some boys in the woods of Ohio. We worked and sweated for an hour, and we were satisfied it couldn't be done. I therefore watched Angelasi with the keenest interest.

First he got a dry stick that was a little spongy with dry rot on one side. Into this he pecked a cavity with the knife. Then he got a hard straight round stick and whittled it down to a point. It was smooth so he could twirl it with his hands as he rubbed them along its side pressing downwards.

"That's easy," I thought. "You can make the stick hot in that way. We did that as boys, and made ourselves hotter. But make it burn! Get a fire!"

My silent challenge was answered at once by smoke curling up from the cavity in the stick.

"Smoke! Yes," I speculated, "I have seen the wood smoke. What I want to see is real fire."

As I spoke, the dust which the hard stick had ground out glowed with the heat and matted down into a live coal. This the boy took up on a dry wisp of grass and blew on it until it burst into a flame.

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "I never would have believed it, but seeing is believing."

Soon we had a cheerful fire and Angelasi lit his cigar and stuck the fire end into his mouth. I asked him why he smoked in that way. He said it lasted longer. It certainly was an economical way of using tobacco. I had seen him make the cigar the day before by rolling a pinch of tobacco in a young banana leaf, and there still seemed to be a day's smoke in it; not for himself alone, if he should happen to meet a friend, he would not run the risk of being called stingy by not allowing the friend to take a few whiffs of it.

The fire made us more comfortable, nevertheless I spent one of the most wretched nights of my life (I only remember one other that could compare with it). With no clothes for a dry change, I could not get warm in my soaking garments. My native was better off. His strip of loin cloth was dry in a few minutes as he encircled the fire and kept it warm.

I tried the ground at first, but there was a kind of bug which came out of the ground and hunted lunch routes all over my anatomy. It was something like a bed bug, only five times as big and savage. I have read of missionaries

being eaten, but I supposed they were always killed first. At any rate, I have conscientious scruples against being eaten alive, and I climbed onto the framework which these natives have for a bed. For a mattress there were poles which were not altogether smooth and the whole architecture was only about half the length of my body. I either had to curl up like a dog or let several feet of me rest on thin air.

All the time my boy was snoring like a fog horn. I was glad when it got light enough so that I had excuse to get up and kick him for exercise. He took it cheerfully, as a matter of course, roused up, yawned, lit his everlasting cigar and put the fire end into his mouth as usual. Then we started for the boat.

We found it high and dry, as the tide was out. So we had to drag it a hundred yards to get it into water deep enough to float. There was little wind, but we had the tide in our favor, so I thought we could make our port in good season.

But as I have before remarked, the wind and tide have a way of their own. The tide was with us, and so was the wind to start with, but like some politicians, the latter veered suddenly to the opposition and as the day advanced beat strongly against the tide, causing the waves to rise high and throw our little cockleshell of a boat about like a thistledown. Do what we could, we were driven far out of our course, until we found ourselves at high tide in the midst of the bay, seven or eight miles from either shore. Then the mast broke short off. Angelasi said it was cracked by the strain when we struck the mangrove trees in the swamp, but he never told me until then. It was almost time for the tide to turn, and that and the wind both against us would drive us down into the breakers, where our boat could not possibly live. I have known of

RAT ISLAND

several tragedies caused in just this way on the treacherous East African coast.

I grabbed an oar and shouted to Angelasi, cheerful as ever. He had dried the matches and was trying to light his cigar, sheltered from the wind under the seat. It was too much for my excited nerves. I hit him a whack over the back with the oar and yelled:

"Up! Don't you see where we are drifting? Look at the breakers ahead! Pull for your life!"

"*Yebo basi!*" (Yes master, that's so.) Taking the oar he began to sing his old song, "*A i kona, a i kona, a i kona, bulukwenje.*"

"Pull! Pull!" I shrieked, my oar bending under my frantic sweeps. At first it seemed to me that we were losing ground. We were not making any headway against the strong wind, and when the tide turned—as it would now in a few minutes—I dared not think of the outcome.

I take bearings along some stakes of a fish trap. Now those two stakes are in line with the lighthouse on the point. They remain stationary. We are not moving one way or the other.

"*A i kona, a i kona, bulukwenje.*"

"Angelasi, stop that singing and pull or you will never have any need of pants after today."

"*Yebo Basi.*" (Yes, master.)

I look again. How is it now? It seems to me the line is a little broken. Yes, there is no doubt about it, but which way does it show that we are going? Into the breakers or into safety? I think at first it is the former, but as the space opens out between the stakes wider and wider, hope returns. We are surely making a little headway and it is getting a little easier at every stroke. Two miles ahead of us is Rat Island covered with trees which shield the wind. Once in the lee of that island we are safe

and every stroke is bringing us nearer and nearer, so we even begin to feel the wind moderating and the waves less boisterous.

When we had pulled far enough under the lee of the island so that it was safe for Angelasi to handle the oars alone, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving and let him do the rowing until we got to land.

After taking a little rest, we started on again, but we found the tide so far out now that we had a mile of shallow water to wade before we reached the Inhambane beach. I took off my boots to wade and as my stockings were too wet to put on again, I kept them off and so finally staggered into the Dutch House barefooted. I suppose it was from that circumstance that it was reported to friends in Natal that I was going around in native costume. I confess that Angelasi, without his "bulukwe" may have looked about as well dressed as I did at the time.

CHAPTER VII

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GOVERNOR AND WHAT CAME OF IT

AS soon as I got my "bulukwe" to look a little less scandalous, I persuaded Mr. Schippers to introduce me to the Governor and act as my interpreter.

"Your excellency," I said, "I come to beg you to explain the communication I have received, as I do not understand it. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and I understand my country has a treaty with Portugal which accords to us all the privileges and rights of the most favored nation. Is that so?"

"Yes, quite so."

"Nevertheless, I see Mohammedans here, citizens of another nation, with their mosques and schools situated right under the nose of your excellency without let or hindrance. Why, then, am I required to submit to the authority of the Catholic Bishop? I am sure that our views will differ materially on religious matters. To enforce his views on me would be intolerance. It would not be according me the rights and privileges of the most favored nation."

His excellency was a large, well groomed and well fed man, not at all ugly in appearance. Dressed in an immaculate suit of white flannel and soft-collared shirt open at the throat, there was nothing in him to inspire awe in a practical Yankee. He was in no hurry to answer my question. Taking out a cigarette case he offered me a smoke. When I declined with thanks he clapped his hands,

and a servant came in with a bottle of wine and glasses on a salver. When I declined again, he looked at me quizzically. Mr. Schippers explained that it was a religious scruple of mine, which seemed to satisfy him. He hoped I didn't mind his drinking and smoking? As I did not, he took a glass. Mr. Schippers did the same. Then he remembered my question.

"Ah, tolerance. Yes, tolerance is accorded to citizens of your country as well as to any other favored nation or even to our own people. No one is molested in his private belief in his own house. But being a Catholic country and subject to the Pope, only the Catholic Church is recognized by law. The head of that Church in this province is the Bishop. He is responsible for all religious matters. Therefore, no public preaching or teaching of religion can be allowed outside of his supervision."

"I see that, your excellency. But, sir, may I ask, what do you mean by one's own house? Does it include one's servants and all who may be in one's employ?"

"Why yes, certainly."

"If, then, I should have a farm, factory, mill or industry of some kind and employ a number of people to carry it on, will they all be considered as my house and may I teach them, as the Mohammedans do, without being required to submit to the authority of the Bishop?"

He did not reply until he had called in his legal adviser and put the question to him. Then he said there could be no objection to that kind of teaching. I followed up my advantage at once and said, "I want to make an application for a grant of land, not in the name of a mission or church, but for industrial purposes, the same as is granted to other colonists, and I trust that what we do in this house of ours in the way of religious observance or instruction will not be interfered with."

"You may rest assured of that."

I have never seen any mention of this interview in the accounts of several missions now thriving under the Portuguese Government at Inhambane. But that was certainly the entering wedge, the first official acknowledgement that under certain conditions Protestant missions might be allowed.

While I attempted for a time to keep strictly within the law and establish only industrial missions, the law was later disregarded by other missionaries who had not learned of my bargain with the Governor. But Protestant missions became so strong eventually that the law fell into desuetude and Catholic priests no longer dared to question our right in the land.

CHAPTER VIII

IN PERILS ON LAND

THUS one dark cloud was lifted from our horizon. But another loomed ere long. I returned from the interview with the Governor in a happy frame of mind, but soon relapsed into not so happy a frame of body. That wretched night spent in the deserted hut and the nervous strain in pulling for life against tide and wind had to be followed by a reckoning. It is possible those vicious bugs infused a poison into my veins. At any rate, I was weak and miserable for some days, and then was prostrated with the most virulent type of the coast fever, the deadly "Black Water." It was the only time I ever had it. I believe people do not have it many times and live. Miserable as I was in body, I praised God in my soul that I had such a brave and tender wife as Ida Belle to take care of me.

Then she was stricken, and we were both too ill to do anything for each other and we had no doctor or nurse save our native domestics. I do not undervalue the ministrations of Angelasi, and Tizora, who had recovered and come back to us. Pakete, too, was good, but she was pretty fully occupied with our baby. They all did the best they knew how, but they knew very little and we were too sick to give them many instructions.

When I remember how many people have laid down their lives in the fever-infested districts of Africa, and not a few at Inhambane, I can not but rank this peril of fever as no whit less dangerous than my peril by waters. But it is all a haze to me now and always has been. We

kept no record of the time. We could not tell even then how many days we were ill. Perhaps we were unconscious part of the time. What we remember chiefly, is our convalescence and settling down to work again.

One plain lesson of the fever was that we must seek another location for our mission. We were too near a big swamp. Besides there was not room enough for the industrial project which we must now undertake according to my agreement with the Governor.

In the quest for a suitable new location, I took many trips to the interior. Once I walked with one carrier and guide clear up to Cape Lady Grey, one degree to the north of us on the map, and probably more than eighty miles by the way we had to go, which was by the circuitous native paths.

I did not take Billy this time, because there were a number of swamps and boggy streams to cross, and he objected strongly to anything of that kind ever after his dip in the bay on landing. He never forgot anything. Once when I was returning from another trip, a native woman offered me a drink of palm sap in a gourd which I took without dismounting. Billy, impatient to get home, stepped up a little and made me spill my drink. I was provoked, for I was very thirsty and my nerves were racked to the breaking point with my long day's jaunt. Perhaps Billy's were too. I didn't swear, but I did something which was hardly less excusable.

"Whoa, Billy!" I exclaimed. "I will give you something you won't forget," and I hit him a sharp cut with my sjambok. He didn't forget it, and I didn't either, for the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground—and I had to walk the rest of the way home. Whenever I wanted to take a drink after that, I had to dismount.

I may mention here an incident which occurred some

time later, but it is one of my perils on land. The new station to which we removed was a mile from our spring, and I made a sledge out of the fork of a tree on which I had a boy draw water for us in a barrel. The boy enjoyed riding the barrel—when I didn't see him—but Billy didn't enjoy drawing him, except when he managed to run over something and tip him off then he would run, stringing sledge and barrel along the way while the boy came yelling on after him.

The native path through the belt of trees back of our house was not intended for anyone so high up in the world as a man on horseback. There were branches and vines reaching across to sweep the saddle, and the rider too, if he were not looking out for them, as I was not on one occasion, and I found myself lying flat on the ground with one foot fast in the stirrup. There flashed across my mind a vision of the runaway horse and the sledge dangling at his heels, only a man was in place of the sledge —and I was that man. Why didn't Billy bolt? I don't know. I never knew a horse that had once run away as he had done, which didn't bolt when a similar incident occurred again.

"Whoa, Billy!" I spoke to him kindly, and he stood like a rock until I had extricated myself from my perilous situation. My foot was so firmly fixed in the stirrup that I couldn't get it out until I had pulled my shoe off. He was a noble animal and worthy of the fame which afterwards came to him.

My last and most successful exploring trip was with my whole family, Ida Belle, Anna, and all our household, except Billy, whom I left with Tizora to rest after a fatiguing trip. As we had to walk, we took it leisurely. Though we got hot and tired sometimes, it was a happy experience. We were everywhere received with a hearty

welcome by the natives and were entertained by singing and dancing and the music of their drums and *mihambi* (a kind of xylophone which the natives make out of resonant pieces of wood strung on a frame over gourds of different sizes graded to give out a fairly good musical scale).

My experience of native huts made me prefer the outside—where we slung our hammocks under the trees.

How did we feel, defenseless as we were, among savages in the wilds of Africa? As safe and less concerned than we are here in Los Angeles in these days of burglaries and holdups. Not even the dismal howling of the hyenas in the bushes, or the distant wail of a leopard, or the barking of baboons, disturbed us much.

Only once when I had fallen asleep, I was roused by the sharp cry of an infant in distress. I jumped out of my hammock and looked around. It was not our child. It was outside of the kraal. I ran out and heard it up in the trees. Angelasi followed me, wanting to know what I was after.

"The baby crying. Don't you hear it?"

"Baby! Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Doesn't my father yet know the *isinkwe?*" (Bush baby.)

It was an addition to my knowledge, but the cry is so like that of a baby in distress that it is no wonder a tender-hearted sister missionary was betrayed by it and lost in the wilderness, as will be related later on.

There were other thrills on our tramp in the daytime. Once when we were passing through a reedy place, we were startled by the terrific roar of a hippo, only a few feet away. We could not see him, and we were glad he could not see us! When we came to a lake we saw a herd of them feeding in shallow water.

Another time, our carriers, who were in the lead, suddenly bolted and fled precipitously into the bushes. I came

on, looking around to see what had frightened them. It was absolutely nothing but a tree—the baobab, a tree as big around as our sequoias, but hardly three times as tall as it is broad. Surely the boys were not frightened at the sight of a tree! I did not stand wondering long, for suddenly a dozen bees lit on me and began to apply their business ends and I saw a black stream of them pouring out of a hole in the tree. I fled for tall timber, shouting to Ida Belle and her girls to give the tree a wide detour. The boys said it was full of honey and stings.

It was a great country for bees. All along we saw the bark hives which the natives make and hang in the trees and watch until they are occupied and filled with honey. Then they are taken down, the honey eaten and the wax melted and sold to traders. In this tree, the bees had set up business for themselves, and woe to the native who interfered with it.

After resting a couple of days at the lake, we circled around by a different route homeward.

First we passed for an hour through a belt of trees and bush festooned with Spanish moss and tangled with brambles and vines, when we came out on a promontory, where we had an unobstructed view for twenty miles over the lowland, straight to the sea. Here were many kraals of another tribe called Batwa, and there was fertile land in the bush that could be cleared. It was dry, and high enough to catch the salubrious sea breezes.

Here, under a great spreading acacia tree, we decided to build our house and establish our new station. We called it "Makodweni," the name the natives gave it. Later, when we were in America, longing to return there, our eldest boy would sometimes sing:

"There's a cry from Makodweni,
'Come and help us!'"

CHAPTER IX

IN PERILS AMONG FALSE FRIENDS

ON our way home we stopped at the police camp and were hospitably entertained by a genial Portuguese officer, who introduced himself as Sergeant Rosé. We found, as we became better acquainted with the Portuguese colonists, that though most of them were nominal Catholics, they had very little respect for their priests.

Inhambane was once a penal colony, and a large number of the European population were convicts, or their descendants, and they were not ashamed of it. Rosé himself showed no diffidence in telling how he was banished from "Elizboa" for participating in a riot. He, as well as most of the Portuguese we met, seemed to have little sympathy for the Government and professed to be Republicans and our friends. I think some of them were true friends. Others were not, but the ferment had begun to work among them, all which ended a generation later in a revolution, and a Republic in the home land.

Rosé was almost too friendly on short acquaintance. He took almost as an insult my offer to pay for our entertainment. More than that, he sent us home in a Government launch loaded with supplies for which he would take no pay. He even took an interest in our servants, especially in Pakete, and made her a present that I did not know about until afterwards. Angelasi noticed this interest and did not seem to approve of it. I did not know just what relation Pakete was to Angelasi. He

called her sister, which might mean a half sister or cousin. But she came from his kraal and he had a property interest in her. He would inherit the *lobola* (dower) which must always be paid for a wife when she is taken.

Tizora was not related to her, but it was easy to see that he was coming to take more than a brotherly interest in her, perhaps even before she gave him that kiss on the cheek. I do not know whether they experimented any more along that line, but I noticed that when Pakete went to the spring to wash, he had calls in that direction and was gone longer than I thought was necessary. Once I saw him actually carrying the basket of clothes for her. He put it down in a shamefaced way when he saw me, for it is a most extraordinary thing for a native man to carry anything for a woman or girl. A husband will walk all day without carrying a thing but his sticks or spears, while his wife trudges along with a heavy burden in addition to a baby strapped to her back.

I did not give the matter much thought until one night when Pakete asked to go home. We occasionally allowed her for one reason or another to spend a night in her father's kraal. I do not remember what excuse she had this time, but she always had a plausible one—either to see a sick sister or get some *muti* (medicine). So we let her go.

In the night I wanted Tizora for something. As he did not come at my call, I went to his hut and found that both he and Angelasi were gone. They were still absent in the morning. When Pakete came I noticed she looked rather flustered about something.

"Have you seen Angelasi and Tizora?" I asked her.

She gave me no answer.

"Were they at your father's kraal last night?"

Still no answer, which I took to mean the affirmative.

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know."

"Pakete," I said sternly, "you are not telling the truth. You do know where your brother and Tizora are. Tell me."

"Well, they may be at the Police Station."

"They have been arrested! What for?"

"I am sure I don't know." Then she burst into a hysterical fit of weeping. "He—he—he. It wasn't my fault. I didn't call him. No. I didn't. I didn't. I didn't. He-he-he."

That was all I could get out of her. But it was evident the boys had not absented themselves voluntarily. I saddled Billy and set off for the Police Station as fast as I could go. There I found my two servants, handcuffed before the commandant, who acted as a magistrate, and charged with assault on an officer of the King in the public highway.

Sergeant Rosê deposed that he was passing peaceably along the public highway the night before, when these two *pretos* set upon him with a dog, caught him and beat him and bound him and unlawfully imprisoned him until morning.

"You have heard the charge. Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the magistrate of each of the accused.

"Yes, my Lord. We did stop the officer. We found him trespassing and we were going to bring him to you as we thought was our duty and——"

"Stop! I don't want any excuses. I want your plea, guilty or not guilty. Which is it?"

"But my Lord——"

"Not another word. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my Lord."

"You are charged with a most serious offense, assault-

ing an officer of the King, and you have confessed your guilt. Therefore I sentence you, Tizora, son of Navesē, who seem to be the chief offender, to one year of hard labor, and you, Angelasi, son of Dambuza, to a fine of ten milries or three months hard labor."

Though I had made good progress in the study of the Portuguese, I did not understand all the magistrate said, especially why Tizora was given so much harder sentence and was refused the option of a fine, which I would have paid as I did Angelasi's. I had a strong suspicion, which was subsequently confirmed, that the reason was Tizora would be more useful to the Government.

I learned afterwards the sordid details of the affair. It was Rosé who was the real criminal and the one who deserved punishment. If he had been dealt with according to the old heathen custom, he would never have seen another sunrise.

Ever since he first saw Pakete with us, he had been following her up and contriving to see her on more than one occasion and giving her presents. Finally he got her consent to a meeting at night, but the boys got wind of it somehow and prepared for him. When Pakete came home they made her take another hut with her mother, while they, with the dog, occupied the hut in which she generally slept.

So when Rosé sent his servant in the still hours of the night to call out his mistress, it was the dog who responded to the summons and gave chase. The native ran toward his master, the dog ran after the native and the boys followed the dog. But the native fugitive executed a wily stratagem. Just before he reached his master, he dodged aside into some bushes. The master then started to run. It was done so quickly that even the dog may have been deceived. Anyhow a native-bred dog would be sure to

leave the pursuit of a native to chase a fleeing white man. But the boys following the dog were completely deceived. They had not got out in time to get a good view of the fleeing man. They only saw the white man as they caught up with him and supposed of course he was the one who had committed the trespass. Morally it should not have made any difference. But it did make a difference in the eyes of the law, for Rosé was an officer of the King in the public highway when the boys assaulted him.

They did not intend to hurt him, but as he was a big, strong man, force had to be used in order to subdue and bind him. But they were law abiding. Having arrested a trespasser, as they supposed, they reported him at once to the commandant. He was in bed and would not be disturbed and they had to keep their prisoner till morning. Then they reported their capture again, when the commandment ordered them to let him go with the understanding that the case would be dealt with in the business hours of the court.

When they thought the commandant had had his coffee and was ready for business, they repaired to the court, as they supposed they would be wanted as witnesses. Imagine their surprise, when on the way, they met their late prisoner coming with handcuffs. He rushed upon them, and as constable, prosecutor and witness, haled them into court and got them convicted in the manner already told. I freed Angelasi by paying his fine, but I did not see my valued helper Tizora for a year.

CHAPTER X

WORKING OUT SALVATION

THE year spent in working out his fine was, I suppose, a long one to Tizora. But it was a very short one to us. At this time, after a lapse of nearly forty years, it seems like a very short day. Yet several things of importance occurred. We spent part of the time in Natal, recuperating in the more salubrious climate. On our return, we were accompanied by several new missionaries. One was the youngest, to my knowledge, that ever came to Africa. Born before his scheduled time, he was three months younger than nothing when the stork left him. There were besides, four more missionaries who were not so young. There were Brother and Sister Dickens and Brother and Sister Blackman.

We selected sites for them about twenty miles apart, on the three angles of a triangle. Brother Dickens preferred to be near water transportation, and he chose an elevation across the river from our first house at Cochi. Brother Blackman found a place to suit him further up the river near Maxixi. We went to Makodweni, the site we had chosen before.

We returned from Natal fresh in mind and body and set to work with renewed vigor to complete our industrial mission, according to my promise given to the Governor. The promise was made quite willingly, for it was my long conviction that in raising a people of as low as caliber as we found these savages to be, the first step must be to make

them self-relying Christians and not forever dependent on foreign support. It was necessary to teach them to work out their own salvation, literally, with the hands. I know all missionaries agree with me in theory. I believe it is the policy of all mission boards to plant missions that will eventually become not only self-supporting but in emulation of their parent societies, will themselves support missions to extend the gospel still farther.

But what can a native African do for himself or others on one dollar a month? It will hardly buy him a decent suit of clothes. Not that I consider clothes of prime importance. I believe they can be Christians without the clothing which our notions of propriety would require. I think that point is over-stressed sometimes. I once heard a missionary to the islanders of the Pacific speak of it as an achievement when he got the natives to wear collars and neckties! I do not think they are any more necessary for genuine religion than shoes or even trousers. They have just about as much connection with spirituality as bloomers or knickers. But I have known native Christians who think shoes so necessary to proper worship that they will walk miles to church carrying their shoes in their hands in order to put them on when they get to church and go squeaking in before all the worshipers.

I never encouraged the natives to change their mode of dress to the European fashions, even so much as by wearing a hat. Why should we try to change their fashions any more than we do those of the Japanese or Chinese? It is true the African native has little to change, but he wears quite enough for the climate, and his outfit is no more shocking than the bathing costumes now in vogue with us.

I rather discouraged a change of dress. I wished to avoid the rather unsavory reputation which Zulu Christians

have to bear because there is but one name for civilized or dressed natives and Christians—"*amakolwa.*" The chief of police in Durban reported that of some twenty-six hundred natives in jail, they were all Christians. One of our missionaries inquired into the matter and found that they were called Christians (*amakolwa*) simply because they wore clothes while there were only two in the lot that had ever been missionary converts, and they were renegades who had been driven off from a mission station.

Yet it is not to be wondered at that all who put on European dress should be called *amakolwa,* when so much is made of dress by so many missionaries. One lady missionary openly told how she introduced Christianity among the heathen, as if it were perfectly all right. She hired the children to come to school by giving them a shirt or a dress to start with and after a time, if they were faithful, something more, a pair of pants, a coat or a hat.

When Tizora wanted a pair of pants, I asked him, "What do you want to wear pants for?"

His reply was characteristic, "What do you wear them for?"

I could have replied, "It is our custom," but that would have opened a series of questions which I had no time for. So I simply said, "I can afford it. You can't. Pants cost more than your dress."

"No, father. It will take no more cloth and I can make them myself."

I had nothing further to say. But I wouldn't give them to him. I sold him a couple of yards of white cloth and watched him to see how he would go to work to make them. Nothing simpler. He spread the cloth out on the ground, sat down on it, and marked out the pattern for the legs. Then he sewed them up like a pair of bags, opened at the top. For ornament he sewed around the bottom

some crocheted lace that he picked out of a bundle of rags that had been cast away.

Of course we can not altogether dispense with clothes. But money is needed for something else besides clothes if we expect Christianity to make any helpful contribution to the mode of living of these people. How are they to get that money? That is the problem that confronts us.

The easiest solution is to pay them for coming to our schools. Do any missionaries do that? Not many directly, but almost all, so far as I know, give them their food, and clothes, and books at the beginning of a mission. I know of a German mission that deems it more economical to pay the natives under their instruction a definite wage, and then require them to buy their food, clothing and books. They say it doesn't cost so much and it makes the natives more careful in their expenses.

While not many missions pay their people directly for the privilege of teaching them, almost all pay—with money received from the home board—their native teachers, catechists and Bible readers, and some I know put in very poor material, and pay them more than they could earn at anything else.

I once had a young man on my station in Natal, who was earnest and faithful as a lay worker without remuneration. He went to Johnnesburgh and I heard he had been appointed as an evangelist by a missionary up there at a salary of five pounds a month. I wrote to the missionary, "Barnabas was a good lay worker. But you will spoil him. The most he ever earned in Natal was a pound a month."

The result was as I expected. Barnabas got so puffed up and lazy that the missionary had to discharge him and he was never good for anything as an evangelist afterwards.

Just before our return to America I supplied for a year a mission in Pondoland in the interim awaiting the regular appointee. I found the paid native evangelists had had no training and almost no education. They had been appointed with the expectation that they would receive training from their missionary. But I could not get them to come to me for instruction unless I would feed them. I was willing to do that, but I said they must do a little work to pay for it on a mill dam that would be a help to them and their people; that it was not for my benefit, but for theirs, and I would work along with them and do more work than any of them. Surely they would not refuse to do that? I don't think they would if I had had their training from the beginning. But they did refuse me. Why, they were ministers! Did I want to reduce them to *amatoho?* (laborers.) Why should they want to work? They were now making more than they could make at anything else, and so didn't have to work.

One reverend gentleman came out to South Africa, who was visiting missions all round the world and getting them to appoint catechists, evangelists and Bible readers. Then he would get different churches back home, to support this native agency. "In that way," he said, "they would be preaching twenty-four hours in the day."

I am confident this is the way that what are called "Rice Christians" are made. It is not an original discovery with me. Missionaries in India and China have complained of it. On the other hand, before I went out to the field, I read a book on the Bassein Mission in India where the principle was adopted of self-support: "Foreign money for foreign workers, and native money for native workers." All that I saw of actual experience in the field convinced me that it is the right principle.

To avoid this too common mistake, it was our determin-

ation at the outset not to pay the natives for the privilege of teaching them. We would help them in distress and give them the gospel without money and without price, but if they got anything else out of us they must pay us for it the same as they would have to pay anybody else. The question was how to help them to do it, that is—help them to help themselves.

We began a school with one girl pupil whom I got a chief to send us. I thought I had made plain to him the value of an education and the great boon we were ready to bestow on his people without money and without charge. So he sent a boy and a girl. The boy stayed only three days then asked to go home for a visit. We let him go and he took the smallpox and died. The girl stayed the month out. We vaccinated her, thus saving her from the plague and perhaps from death. We fed, clothed her, and taught her.

Promptly at the end of the month the chief appeared and demanded her wages, and he wanted not simply a piece of cloth, the ordinary wage of a girl, but four pieces! He said that was what I had promised him. How he got that idea, I do not know. If he were not lying it spoke very poorly for my knowledge of the vernacular at that time. I told him if there were any pay it ought to come to us for all we had done for the girl. But he couldn't see it, and we had to let him take her away.

This incident left me with an idea which shaped itself into a resolution after my interview with the Governor. I would not attempt to start a free school again. I would hire everybody and pay the ordinary wages of the country and make them all earn their pay. There would be time enough outside of work hours to teach them all they could profitably assimilate of what we had to teach them.

We hired Pakete and two more girls for nurse, cook and

laundress at one piece of cloth, equal to about a half dollar a month. Tizora and Angelasi, as horse boy and boatman, we gave each two pieces a month. Very small wages, it seems to us today, but it was all they could get from any of the Portuguese residents, and they preferred our service, as we treated them better.

When we began to move to Makodweni, we needed a lot of help, so we hired forty boys and girls, at the same wage. We had fifteen miles carriage overland, as there was no other means of transportation. I tried out a Scotch cart with Billy in the shafts but it was too heavy for him to draw in the sand. Then I tried to yoke a couple of cows to it. After they had knocked me down a couple of times in trying to get the yoke on to them, and run over me, I finally gave it up and let the boys pull it home by hand. All the remainder of our goods, furniture, and building materials were carried on the heads of our boys and girls.

There was no lack of work for all our people at that time. A place had to be cleared for our house and for planting. With my faithful forty I dug a well, made and burned brick, quarried and burned lime, cleared and graded roads and built houses for our people, our stock and our school.

Every day we had two full hours for teaching, first in the morning after the boys came in from their work and had their breakfast. This would be from ten to eleven, as we gave them but two meals a day. This was the general custom of the natives and we didn't think it best to change it. While it was too hot to work at midday they enjoyed their study and rest in the school. Then in the evening we gave them another hour after they had had their dinner. On Sunday only the necessary chores were done, so there was more time for teaching, mental and

spiritual. I do not think they would have got more in any mission school with six hours a day of study. It is useless trying to put more into a jug than it can hold, and beginners like those could not hold very much.

And we hadn't much to give them, having to teach almost entirely by ear. First I printed charts with wooden type which I cut out with my pocket knife. With these we taught letters, syllables and words. With printed cards they taught themselves by picking the letters or words out of a bunch and comparing them with the charts. It was a play they never tired of playing. Then we got some slates and taught them to make letters on the slates for themselves. In addition, we had catechism for all, and singing, which they enjoyed immensely.

It was a great help when the Board sent us out a small printing press, a font of type, and a printer's handbook of directions. Running it was going to make a job with good training in it for somebody. I knew nothing about the printing business myself, though, of course, I could learn. But why could not one of my boys learn the business just as quickly as I, and thus leave me free for other needed work? It was an experiment worth trying.

Even at the time Tizora came back he did not know a letter. But I saw he was quick to learn and I chose him for the subject of the following novel experiment which I proposed to try. My idea was to make a printer out of him at the same time that I taught him his letters. Why not? I was like the Irishman when he was asked if he knew how to play the fiddle. "How should I know, when I never tried?" he replied.

First I distributed the type, and the spaces, and quads, into their places in the cases. Then I wrote three letters A, B and C on a piece of paper and showed it to my apprentice and took him to the cases and showed him

where the fathers of these letters live in their individual huts.

"Do you think you know them now?" I asked him.

"Yes, I know their names and where their fathers live."

"Well, to make sure, let me test you. This first one. What is his name?"

"That one? I know him. *He is A."

"Yes. That is right, and where does he live?"

"In this little hut. That's his kraal."

"Yes, and this second one?"

"He is B, and there is where his father lives."

"Right again. You are getting hold of it quicker than I expected. This third one, now, who is he?"

"He is a-a-a," scratching his head. "Father I know him but—a-a."

"No. You don't know him yet."

"Yes, I do know him," he insisted.

"Well then, why don't you tell me his name?"

"I know him. Yes I do know him. I know his face but I forget his name."

"That's not enough. You must know his name as well as his face. He is C, and I want you to take out his father and the fathers of the other two and set them up in this iron instrument that we call a stick with their two gaping mouths looking outward so, and when you get to the end of the line, fill in with these pieces of metal that we call spaces so they won't fall out. When you get the stick full, bring it to me."

In a little while he brought it to me with surprisingly few errors in his work. I told him he had done it better than I could have myself the first time. Then I delighted him by taking an impression of the letters and showed him

*There is nothing to correspond to the neuter gender in the Bantu dialects. There are eight classes of nouns which are like genders, only with no distinction as to sex.

how to wash the ink off and distribute them back into their places; then I taught him three more letters and required him to set up all six as he had done before. I kept him thus at work, adding three letters to each lesson, until he knew every character in the upper and lower cases. Then I taught him how to lock them up in the frames and pull proofs. In three months he was able to read my hand-writing (we had no typewriter in those days) and set the material up and strike off the proof and bring it to me for correction the same as any journeyman printer.

Friends who are acquainted with my chirography have thought it would better to cut that out about his reading my hand-writing if I want my story to be believed! However, I will say that I write three hands, one that is legible to almost anybody, another that only Ida Belle can read, and a third that nobody can read when it is cold. It was writing of the first kind that I gave to Tizora.

Thus I had more time left for the superintendence of other industries, and for intellectual wrestles with the language. I wrote some hymns, and a catechism, which Tizora printed, which gave us books for our school.

Though I am anticipating the finale, this is as good a place as any to tell about the celerity with which this full-blooded negro learned everything to which he set his mind. He was always a marvel. He became the printer of the mission and printed all the books we needed in two dialects. He learned to speak, read and translate five different tongues, and translated the whole Zulu Bible into two of the native dialects spoken around Inhambane.

CHAPTER XI

HITCHING UP THE WIND

MY next adventure in the industrial line was not a financial success, but it was an experience that was worth something to me and I hope was instructive to the natives.

Providing food for our mission was no small factor in our expense account. The principal part of the food was *mealies* (maise). We raised some of it and bartered for more. To grind enough in the small hand-mill to feed forty people kept two boys and girls busy a good part of the day. It was hard work which none of them liked to do.

"Now," I thought, "if we had some sort of power that would run this mill a good deal faster than it can be turned by hand, it would relieve a couple of people from this odious labor and it might earn mealies enough in tolls to feed all of our people."

The natives for twenty miles around had nothing of the kind, what meal they used being ground in primitive fashion between two stones or pounded in a great wooden mortar. They were glad to get the use of our hand-mill whenever we could spare it, and would pay a reasonable toll. Of course, with power to run it, we could do much more grinding for them. I had once seen a home-made windmill on a Western prairie, that did good service. Why was not this just the place on the brow of the hill, with a clear sweep of the sea breezes for one?

I found in my Encyclopedia Britannica the model which I could build most easily, and figured out the size of the

wheel for the power we would need, the height of the tower and the mechanism to turn it into or out of the wind.

Then I began to build. The natives wanted to know what I was doing. I told them I was going to yoke up the wind and hitch it to our mill. They could believe in some astounding feats of witchcraft. They did not demur at any of the miracles of the Bible—the talking snake, the sun standing still, and Jonah's famous ride in the belly of a whale. But when I told them that in our country the water sometimes stiffens up so that people can walk on it (there is no word for ice, or freeze, in their language) it was like one of Mark Twain's jokes that choked a camel to death. They could not swallow it. Now I was telling them something that made walking on water seem simple in comparison. "Yoke up the wind? Never!"

But they watched me with most eager curiosity as the mechanism grew daily under my hands. When the tower was done and ready to raise, a hundred men came at my call and with ropes and props we soon had it standing, a queer looking object indeed, for the material I had chopped out of the native trees, and the general effect was decidedly rustic. But to the Tongas the effect was awe-inspiring. It was about thirty feet tall, framed of poles, spliced and cross-braced with other poles. On the top of this weird structure was a fourteen foot wheel, with thirty-two fans, each four feet long. It was hung on a shaft of very hard wood, in the middle of which was a three foot drum for the belt that was to transmit the power to the mill on the ground. Instead of a vane, a long pole projected from the rear of the wheel. To this was tied a rope for pulling it around to face the wind.

At last it was up and complete, a handiwork of which I could not help feeling proud, even though I knew I could have done a great deal better if I had had it to do over

again. There it stood, a monument, if you please, to my Yankee ingenuity, and visible for miles around—a thing to amaze the savage multitudes.

But it did not move. Those savages were still skeptical; they wanted to see the wheels go round. I began to hear open expressions of derision and incredulity.

"He lies. A man can't hitch up the wind."

"Wait." I said. "Bring on a wind and you will see. I didn't promise to make a wind as well as hitch it up."

Some waited a while, but though steady breezes had not failed for days before, it was now a dead calm. So many got tired and went home declaring, "That wizard is a fraud. He can't do what he promised."

But a few stayed, and later in the afternoon a little puff of wind came up and the wheel made a few turns.

"Hooley!" A shout went up from the spectators. "*U nga hembi.*" (He doesn't lie.)

I may say that from that time I went by the name of "*Ungahembi,*" in this locality. Years after, coming up the coast on the steamer with Mr. Rhodes and his party, as recorded in the first chapter, I was standing with Mr. Colenbrander, Mr. Rhodes' interpreter, looking down upon a crowd of natives in the hold who were returning from work in Natal, when I recognized one of my former native helpers and I called him by name. He looked up thunderstruck as if a voice had called him from the blue. He did not recognize me until I explained my identity in his own tongue; then he cried, "Oh! It's Ungahembi!"

"It goes! *U nga hembi! U nga hembi!*" they cried, dancing and clapping their hands in wild excitement, calling their friends back from the kraals and our boys from work to gaze at the magical phenomenon. But, as the people came running, there was a lull in the wind and the wheel stopped turning. They would not believe anybody

had seen it turning. A little stronger puff came up and the wheel revolved once more and all doubts were stilled. Came another lull and more disappointment. Then a good stiff blast struck it and the wheel began to revolve with fearful rapidity. It hummed like a giant aeroplane as we may hear them today.

Glorying in my success, I made connections with the mill and it went spinning round, grinding more in a minute than two boys could grind in ten. That was good enough for me, but it wasn't good enough for the wind. It kept on increasing until it became a gale and I had more power than I wanted. I thought that was nothing to worry about; but there were two things which had not entered into my calculations. One was the centrifugal force of a fourteen foot wheel making 200 revolutions in a minute. The other was the pressure of the wind on the sails which bent backward until they began to hit the posts of the tower. One of them went "zip," shooting like a rocket high up in the sky. Another took a line of flight just above the gaping crowd, then another, and another, and another whanged off until the air was full of flying sails. Finally the whole wheel leaped out of its bearings and swooped like a fallen eagle down to the ground.

For a moment the spectators were transfixed with astonishment. Then there was a debacle of fleeing darkies, tumbling over one another to get out of the way of the dreadful monster, and they never stopped until they were safe at home in their kraals.

Profiting by my experience, I built in later years two windmills that succeeded in grinding corn for our house and the natives. But I never did anything more with that one. Other things interfered, and finally I had to leave the mission without even completing a fresh harness for the wind.

CHAPTER XII

THE INGATHERING

IN two years' time we had made notable progress in learning two dialects and reducing them to writing, compiling catechisms embracing the main truths of the gospel, and teaching some forty natives to read and write. But all that was only preparing the ground and sowing the seed. Reaping time had not come. We had not gathered a single sheaf and there were no signs of ripening grain. It was not what we expected. We had heard from returned missionaries and field secretaries that "The fields were white for the harvest," but certainly our field was not one of them.

The debilitating climate was a great obstacle that we had to contend with, as I have intimated, but it was not the worst barrier to a speedy revival. The better I came to know the language, the more utterly inadequate it seemed for the purpose of conveying moral and spiritual truth. It contained almost no words for abstract ideas. How were we going to get into a heathen's soul to make him see that he is a lost sinner and in need of a Savior, when he does not know that he has a soul, has no word for it and does not know what sin is?

At that time the native's mind appeared to me to be about as irresponsive and impassive to all my attempted approaches as that of a woodchuck.

Tizora was the first one of them to lift a little corner of the seemingly dark curtain of his mind. One day he

said to me, "Mfundisi, what made you stay with me and save my life when all my people had left me to die?"

"You have thought of that?" I said avoiding a direct answer.

"Yes, many times, and I have wondered why you came to live among us, and work so hard, and suffer fever. I can understand other white men, the traders and the officers of the Government. They make money out of us by fining us and cheating us in trade. You do not do that. I have seen you call a native back to correct a mistake that had been made in your favor. We never heard of such a thing ever being done until you came. If you find a thing that is lost you search for the owner, and restore it if you can find him. We always take it as a piece of good luck and conceal it from the owner if we should happen to find him. You do not curse us and beat us as other white men do. You work hard yourself and set us an example of industry. When a trader comes among us and makes money, and has plenty to eat and drink, and takes our girls for mistresses, we can understand that. It is just what we would do if we had a chance. But we do not see what you are getting out of it all."

"Tizora," I replied, "I am glad you have noticed these things and I might feel proud of your compliments, but when I think what One has done for me, I hang my head in shame to think how little I have done for you in comparison."

He paused in his typesetting and looked at me in bewilderment. "Who is that?" he asked. "What has he done?"

"Oh, Tizora, when we have been teaching you so long have you not yet got it into your head that the Son of God left His home in glory and came down here to suffer and die for you and me?"

"Yes, you have told us all about that, but what has that got to do with you?"

"It has everything to do with me. He tells us to take up our cross and follow Him. We must try to be like Him, willing to do and suffer and even die for others as He did."

He said no more at the time, nor did I. I waited for further questions which I expected he would raise. I did not have to wait long. Later in the day he asked me, "What must one do to be like Jesus? Must he go somewhere far from his birthplace or die for him?"

"Not necessarily. Jesus Himself did not seek death. He knew what His end would be, but He avoided it as long as He could. He worked quietly at His trade until He was older than you are. We do not know of any great thing He did all that time."

"If, then, I work right along and do as well as I can, is that all I have to do?"

"I think so, until something more is made plain to you."

"How will it be made plain to me?"

"I don't know, but you will know when you see it. I may be able to help you. That is what I am here for. Ask me any time, and I will be glad to explain anything if I can. But there is One who can show you a great deal better than I can."

"Who is that? Where is he?"

"Tizora, how long must I preach to you in vain? How often must I tell you over again? What is that verse we have just translated and set up in type?"

He looked at the proof he had lately struck off, a verse in answer to a question in the catechism we had been printing, and he read it over two or three times. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

"Mfundisi, does that mean me? Will He give me wisdom if I ask Him as He does you?"

"Sure. It says, 'Any man.' Aren't you any man?"

He looked at the verse again and read it over and over again. Then a light seemed to dawn on his mind and he looked up and said, "Mfundisi, I never understood that before."

Yet I had been telling him these things and explaining them and repeating them over and over, and he was far the most intelligent of all the people we had been thus trying to teach. What about the rest? We had made a catechism consisting of two hundred questions, showing the way of salvation as plainly as we could put it into the vernacular. Many of them could answer these questions, but apparently they understood their meaning about as well as a parrot the words he has been taught to say.

I was called away just then and that ended the talk for that time. Later in the day, I took my gun and started out with Fido to see if I could bag a pheasant that I heard calling down in the garden. As the sun was still hot I carried an umbrella. When I reached the edge of the mealie field the bird came flying over my head. I had gone beyond it and the dog had put it up. I took a snap shot, but it had got under such headway that it did not stop. It went soaring on beyond the mealie field fully three hundred yards, then suddenly dropped. "No mistake about its being hit." I thought. I ran down with Fido as fast as I could to find it before it might slip away into the grass. Fido went straight to it. It was quite dead and a fine bird.

I picked it up and was on the way home when somebody talking in the thick bush halted me. The voice was Tizora's. Remembering the talk we had had in the morning I was troubled, for the thought came to me that he was at his hemp horn again. This is a very pernicious habit to which all the Bantu races are addicted, the Amatonga

perhaps more than others. The Indian hemp (hashees) the smoke of which is drawn through water in a horn, produces a sort of delirium in which the smoker gabbles senseless talk. The habit affects the mind as much as opium. I had talked to the boys about it and would not allow it to be used about our place. But they would slip off into the bushes to smoke, and here was Tizora, after expressing a wish to be like Jesus, at it again.

It was disheartening. I started at once to confront him, but I was brought to a standstill as I peeked through the bushes and caught some unusual words to come from a hemp smoker. He had the hemp horn in his hand, but it was not lighted. He was praying—asking God what he ought to do about that habit. Finally, he arose slowly to his feet and cast the horn away into the dense bush as far as he could throw it.

With a glad cry I sprang forward. "Tizora! God be praised, you have got the victory."

He turned quickly and seeing me, jumped and ran off like a startled deer and would not stop at my repeated calling. I suppose he had no idea that I or any one was so near and was ashamed that I had discovered him fighting the old habit. Nevertheless, I trusted that he had now conquered, and I was so overjoyed that I wanted to hasten back and tell Ida Belle. Then I thought of my umbrella, and went back to look for it. It was not where I had picked up the bird. Of course then I must have thrown it down where I stood when I fired. Strange! It was not there either. I must have thrown it down when I picked up my game, or perhaps when I started to go and see what Tizora was doing. I went back there again and was still looking around when the water-boy came along with Billy and the barrel, on the way to the spring. He stopped

when he saw me and asked what I was looking for. I told him, "'The umbrella."

"The umbrella! What is that you are carrying in your hand?"

Sure enough, I had been so excited about the pheasant and Tizora that I was going around looking for the umbrella with it spread over my head! I was an absent-minded beggar sometimes. To this day I don't know how I could have shot the bird flying swiftly over my head, umbrella in hand. If I threw it down when did I pick it up? I don't know.

When Tizora came back for supper, I drew him to one side and asked him why he had run away. He hung his head for a minute, then he said, "Did you not see what I was doing? I was afraid you would be angry with me."

"I was not angry, but sorry to see you indulging in that habit in secret. However, if you have quit it now, I am glad. You have given it up, haven't you?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, I am trying to." he stammered. But Mfundisi, it is hard. Even now it keeps drawing me to go back and look for the horn I threw away."

I knew how to sympathize with him. Once, when I had thrown away my tobacco at night, I went to hunt for it as soon as it was light in the morning. I said, "Tizora, be a man and fight it. Do you know that Jesus was tempted even worse than that?"

"But He was God. He had power to resist."

"He did resist, but He had no more power to resist that you have. That is what we are told. He was tempted in all points as we are. That would not be true if he had more power to resist than we have. But He got the victory. Shall I tell you how?"

"Do, Mfundisi, for I want to be like Jesus."

"Well, it is simple. He just told the tempter to get behind Him."

"Ha, yes, but how can I do that? Where is the tempter?"

"He is down there in those brambles where you threw that hemp horn and the lust of him is still nagging at you. Is that not so?"

"Yes, Mfundisi, it is so. But how can I tell him to get behind me?"

"You can do it by taking a bold stand against him. Declare war against him. Suppose in the meeting tonight, you confess before all our people what you have done and ask them to join you in the war against this evil habit. If you can get a dozen, or only one or two of our people to join you in taking a stand for Christ and putting away their secret sins, you will get the strength of a warrior."

It was a hard thing for him to do, but he finally promised. That night after our usual study hour, I detained all our people and gave them a heart to heart talk. I told them something of my own temptations and struggles and how the Son of God Himself went through a mightier struggle than any of us, but got the victory by taking a bold stand and resisting the devil.

It was very still for a moment. Then Tizora arose and in trembling accents told how that day he had quit the habit which he had been practicing in secret; he knew Jesus would never do such a thing and he wanted to be like Jesus. "I know that you are all doing the same thing, or other things yet more shameful. You know they are wrong, because you are ashamed to have even the Mfundisi know that you do these things. But God knows it. You can't hide it from Him. Now come and join with

me and give them all up and we will help one another to stand against them."

While he was speaking, one of the kitchen girls uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless. We worked over her until consciousness returned. She then confessed that she too had been guilty of secret sin.

These two confessions had a profound effect on all our people. It was the beginning of a revival. Before the week was out, twenty, or half of our little flock, confessed sins and expressed a desire to follow Jesus. They gave up not only their hemp horns and witch medicines, but also their tobacco and drink. They did not see any differences between tobacco in a pipe or cigar and hemp in a horn, and I did not try to enlighten them. I do not know how many of them persevered in the Christian life—except Tizora. I think some of them did, or were eventually gathered into other missions.[1] But as we only stayed a year after that, we do not know who they were. If the only result of our three years' labor in Tongaland was this one conversion, it was worth all it cost. It was one of the steps in the development of the human race towards the divine standard of character which is our Creator's ultimate design.

But from that day things occurred to make us feel that a spiritual change had come. Many of the boys went out gladly on Sundays and witnessed to their people in the surrounding kraals and gathered them into our meetings, so that now instead of having a congregation composed of only our own household, we had to build a large shelter for the crowds that came to hear the gospel.

[1] See Appendix A.

CHAPTER XIII

A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE

AS an important adjunct to our industrial enterprise we kept stock of all kinds, cows, pigs, goats, sheep and fowls. They all thrived and were a source of profit, if not in actual cash at least in attracting and keeping our native constituency. We were able to give them fresh meat once in a while as a welcome change to their usual porridge and *muro* (gravy) and it was a rare treat to them. The common complaint that "the niggers won't work," didn't trouble us. Our chief difficulty was to find remunerative work for all who wanted to come to us.

But we soon found that our meat supply was attracting some unwelcome visitors. The great bush surrounding our place was infested with wild animals of various kinds, leopards, hyenas, and even lions, though the latter generally kept away from the more thickly settled communities like ours. On the first night after I had come back, bringing with me a herd of goats, an attack was made on them while we slept beside their pen. If my boys had slept as soundly as I did, we would have found our herd smaller by some goats in the morning.

So we cleared away the bush as fast as we could and enclosed our stock with a high fence. But still fowls and goats vanished in the night. At first I suspected that some of the marauders went on two legs. But the keen eyes of the boys detected spoors and other signs of vari-

ous wild beasts. They could tell me not only the kind of animal, but its size and sex, and family relations. "That was a mama leopard," they would say, "with two babies, and that was a grandfather hyena, the king of his tribe which was waiting for him in the bush, to bring meat back to them."

It seemed plausible enough, but when one night a fat shoat of over a hundred pounds in weight vanished from his sty, I was skeptical.

"Nothing but a two-legged beast could have taken that pig out over that high wall." I declared. "Why did no one hear it squeal?"

"*Kwatsi dadane.*" (Don't get excited, father), said Angelasi, pointing to some white hairs on top of the stockade and looking closely he discovered a spoor which we followed out into the jungle where we found the half eaten carcass of what had been promised the boys for a Christmas dinner. We left it where it was and I watched all night with my rifle. But the leopard had more sense than some folks. He knew when he had enough. He did not make an appearance.

Then I put some strychnine in the meat and the next morning we found two dead hyenas close by. That ought to have been a lesson to marauders, but it did not seem to be. A few mornings later we found four dead sheep in their pen and marks where a fifth had been taken over a fence fully seven feet high. That was too much. It stirred up the latent savage blood in me and a fierce desire for revenge.

Our clearing was surrounded by a high brush fence, in which there was only one opening left for entrance. In this gap I set a steel trap. I do not ordinarily approve of a steel trap. I have written articles for the humane societies against its use in trapping fur bearing animals, but

I was not after fur. I wanted revenge for the depredations on my live stock. I have never been able to feel sorry that I set that trap. Digging a hole in which to place the trap, I carefully covered it with leaves and secured it by a chain to the stump of a near-by sapling.

Think you a leopard, or a hyena or any other wild denizen of the jungle would be so foolish as to step on those leaves? Never! Before he got within stepping distance, his discerning nose would apprise him that a man had lately handled those leaves, and he would say to himself, "There's a good place not to step."

Knowing this disposition of the animal to jump over things he can't go around, I accommodated him by setting a native hoe in front of the trap facing the woods. The hoe which the natives use is about as different from a civilized hoe as anything can be. It has a short stubby handle and when set up as I placed it, looked as if its purpose was anything but agriculture. The most wily beast might well think that was the trap and leap over it. But alas for him! he would land right down in the real trap.

I set my rifle near my bed as I lay down. I had hardly fallen asleep when I was roused by our boys shouting at the door. "*Mfundisi, shihari sha hombe shi kona!*" (Master, a big beast is out here.)

I sprang up quickly and rushed out in my pajamas, with my rifle in one hand and my lamp in the other, Ida Belle following close behind. Sure enough some savage beast was caught. The way he was roaring and clanking the chain it is no wonder the boys were terrified. His blazing eyeballs were like the two lamps of an auto, when he stopped now and then to glare at us.

"Take the lamp and go ahead so that I can see," I ordered the boys. But no boy wanted the job.

"Let me take the lamp," said Ida Belle quietly.

"You!" I exclaimed, amazed at her temerity.

"Why not, if you keep close behind me?"

"Well then let it shine so I can see to get a good shot." But neither of us cared to go near that raging fury whatever it was. It might be a lion for he held his head up high enough and roared loud enough. More probably it was a leopard and there is no fiercer fighter in the whole cat family than an angry leopard—and he was very angry. No mistake about that. A hungry lion would be tame in comparison.

Within thirty paces I raised my rifle. It was difficult to see the sights in the flickering lamplight, and still more difficult to draw a bead on a vital spot on that whirling black fury. At last I caught a glimpse of the two blazing torches on either side of my front sight and pulled the trigger. Down went his head and there was a tremendous threshing in the leaves and dirt. Before I realized what he was going to do Angelasi ran up and punched his spear into the dying animal's side.

It was a lucky shot. The leopard had been caught by only one claw, which he succeeded in tearing off as I fired. Only one more yank and he would have been free and he would not have left without paying his respects to his tormentors. Except for the torn claw and the hole made by Angelasi's spear, it was a perfect hide. I brought it home and gave it to my brother in Akron, Ohio, where it now decorates the hearth in his sitting room.

But first we displayed it on a pole as a warning to all the jungle. Surely that would be evidence to all our forest enemies that it was something more than a paper blockade that we had set up. But they paid no more respect to blockades and warnings than did some of the belligerents in the late war.

Not long afterward a fine sow and her litter of pigs

were taken, all but one. In desperation, I took the remaining little orphan and used him for a decoy. I built a strong house of stakes sunk deep in the ground and covered over with poles weighted down with dirt and stones. In the back side of this house I put little piggy and fenced him off from any visitor who might come in by the front door. I did not mean to make a sacrifice of him, though I knew his calls for his lost mother would appeal to mama leopard's love for her own hungry little ones.

Doubtless she would respond to those calls very soon. She would circle round the strange looking domicile and would at length venture in by the open door, the only way to approach her prey. When she got inside, she would find she was no nearer her supper. What is more, when she went fumbling round for a way to get at the pig she would loosen a trigger that held up the door and, "bang!" It would come down and she would find herself a prisoner and her hungry cubs mewing and spitting beside her, while piggy would be safe, though perhaps embarrassed by his unexpected guests.

I do not believe any council of war ever planned a more cunning stratagem. So I thought at the time. I waited with eager anticipation for the first streak of dawn, to run out and take an inventory of my captures. Ha! The door was down! The trap had been sprung! I saw it from a distance and uttered a shout of exultation. But when I peeked through the posts to see the great spotted feline snarling and spitting, she wasn't there. The cage was empty. Then I looked into piggy's compartment. It was also empty. The beast had dug through!

I have read of a good missionary lady who kept a doll that she named "Susan Dam," on which she vented her surcharged feelings when she met with a vexatious disappointment. I could have used an invention of that kind

if I had known of it then. However, I did not swear. I only gritted my teeth and vowed vengeance.

My next adventure with the marauders proved a tragedy. Much rather would I have lost all our stock than to have had such a deplorable thing happen; yet I don't see how it could have been avoided. It was only a chance that I was not the one who fired the fatal shot. Roused to the pitch of desperation, I was in for a fight to the finish, and the boys were quite as eager for it as I. Our meat supply was being diminished. I offered a reward for the body of that leopard, dead or alive. I did not much think anyone would win it, but I thought it would be a stimulus to watchfulness, which would help to keep the beasts away.

Angelasi said if I would let him take the gun he would get the beast. Certainly he might have it. Which would he have, the shotgun or the rifle? The shotgun loaded with buckshot would be the surest at close range; so I let him have it with a half dozen cartridges.

Scarcely had I lain down on my bed one night when I heard a loud bang, followed by a wild, piercing yell. I ran out as soon as I could and found all our people gathered around a dark object lying on the ground in front of Angelasi's ambush, excited and uniting in a chorus of shrieking and wailing.

"What is it? What has happened?" I cried. Letting my lantern light fall on the object, I saw it was not a wild animal, but a native boy about fifteen years old, with a great hole in his side where a charge of buckshot had entered. He took his last gasp as I looked at him.

The cries reached a neighboring kraal whence the boy had come, and soon Angelasi was surrounded by a mob of infuriated kinsmen of the boy, threatening vengeance. With difficulty I restrained them by promising to be responsible for the custody of Angelasi, assuring them

I would deliver him to the officers to be dealt with according to the law.

Angelasi was connected with the Amatonga, and the boy who was killed was of the Amabatwa; so tribal animosities were aroused at once. No allowance for accidents was made in the excitement of the moment. Half of our people were Amatonga and the other half Amabatwa. Clubs and spears were in evidence. Having had some experience with faction fights, I knew it was no child's play that was threatened.

I put a boy on Billy and sent him off at top speed to the nearest police station. Then I got Angelasi into the house and guarded him with a loaded gun. So no more violence was attempted until morning. They waited until the police came and took Angelasi away. Then the arm of the law having been withdrawn, the crisis broke. I heard something which caused me to rush out barely in time to prevent bloodshed.

Angelasi had made the claim which his friends espoused that an *umtakati* (wizard) had given the boy medicine to turn him into a leopard; but the shot had broken the enchantment, so it was a boy who was found dying. There were those who were ready to confirm Angelasi's asseveration that it was a leopard, for they too had seen it just before the boy was shot. That was easily believed, but the question was, who had done the bewitching? Who had given the medicine? That was something out of the province of a Portuguese magistrate to decide. It was only in the power of one of their own witch doctors, and they would not rest until one who was living near by was called in to "divine," which he did with a lot of trinkets such as snakes' bones, leopards' claws, shells, etc. These he threw down with certain incantations and their position indicated the culprit, which was confirmed by a demon in

THE WITCH DOCTOR

the witch doctor's belly, who had a bad cold, for he was very hoarse.

The lot fell on Hiati, one of our Amatonga boys, who, of course, indignantly denied the charge. Then the witch doctor went to the hut in which Hiati slept and from the thatch in the hut drew out a lump of black looking substance, probably some sort of gum mixed with blood which he had put there himself or had a confederate do it. "This," the demon declared in sepulchral tones, "is the medicine which turned the boy into a leopard."

The fact that it did not change into leopards those who held it in their hands and examined it, was nothing against the revelation of the demon in the witch doctor's belly. But Hiati would not even then confess the foul deed. He was then challenged to the poison ordeal. This was formerly undergone by the accused himself. But a hen had become a convenient substitute with these tribes. If the vicarious hen vomited up the poison, it meant acquittal; but if she turned up her toes and croaked, that was evidence of guilt so plain that no native would dispute it. But Hiati, though conscious of his innocence, knew enough of this poison ordeal to know that there was small chance of escape. The hen is almost certain to die, especially if the witch doctor is interested in a conviction—as he would be in this case. He therefore naturally refused to undergo this test. This his accusers declared was evidence sufficient of his guilt.

This was what the boys were angrily discussing when I came on the scene. I rushed in between them as they stood with clubs raised and spears poised. They paused before my look of indignation and sorrow. Then I spoke, looking straight at those who had lately made a profession of religion, and said, "Put up your arms and come in to prayers."

There was a moment's hesitation, but Hiati started first, soon followed by all my converts. Then as there was nobody left to fight, all came in. I prayed directly for the boys, and then gave out some of the tenderest hymns. After that, I spoke kindly, but sorrowfully, appealing especially to the new converts and asking them where their religion was that they had lately professed. Did they not see that their anger and hatred must grieve their Savior? What would be the effect on unbelievers? "They see that your profession is false. You still have the same spirit they have. This belief of yours in witchcraft is of the devil. The witch doctor has no power of his own, as he pretends. Whatever power he has is of the evil one, and you don't want anything to do with him or any of his agents. Confess now, every one of you, that you were wrong and ask God to forgive you."

For a few minutes there was silence; then Matenga, Hiati's chief accuser, rose and went across the room and asked his pardon. They clasped hands, and that was a signal for a general time of confession and reconciliation. When the time came to go out to work, all went out quietly together as if nothing had happened.

Angelasi was still in custody, but God had given me the victory in one of the greatest crises I had yet faced in my mission. Our breakfast that morning was cornmeal mush, with condensed milk and bread and butter and tea, but in all my life no thanksgiving dinner ever tasted better.

CHAPTER XIV

ANGELASI'S ESCAPE

I WAS summoned, with several of the boys, to Angelasi's trial. It was a clear case of accidental homicide. Nevertheless, he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. As I have intimated before, the native contingent was badly in need of recruits, but the aborigines were not volunteering for that sort of service without some special inducement. An effectual way of recruiting was to pass a law requiring all natives to wear a shirt or a tunic of certain length, and then send out a policeman to arrest all found outside of their kraals in contravention of the act.

Another law was passed ostensibly for the suppression of what today might be called "home brew." What effect it had in that line was not apparent, but it was effective in obtaining recruits for public service. The law prohibited the use of the native still, a simple affair made of an old gun barrel, or a piece of gas pipe from three to six feet long. The liquor distilled from the cashew fruit was vile, but not nearly so strong or poisonous as the rum and gin sold by all the traders licensed by the Government. Evidently what troubled the Government was not the intemperance of the natives, but that they could get drunk without bringing in a revenue. Other Governments besides the Portuguese have had that sort of conscience.

Slavery was supposed to be abolished, but a good part of the Amatonga were in bondage of one form or another. They were from a stock of imported slaves, and whatever

emancipation act was passed by the Crown hardly affected them. Most of the white men I knew kept concubines—I might say all of them, for I didn't know any that didn't keep one or more—and the offspring of all were practically slaves.

The magistrate who tried Angelasi had a large and happy family of many shades of color. If they were not his children, it was not known whose children they were. There were enough of them to make a good-sized brass-band and they could discourse very good music. They could read notes, but I doubt if they could read anything else.

Angelasi was in bonds and destined to be transported to another Portuguese colony on the West Coast of Africa. It was an easy way of keeping the native contingent in subjection, exchanging them from one colony to another. No native brought here from Goa, or Angola would dare to escape, as he would find himself among hostile tribes. So it was with those taken from here to other parts.

Though Angelasi would submit to a certain amount of cuffing from a master he respected, he had a spirit that would not submit to slavery or injustice. He was not a Tonga at all, but a Zulu boy who had been left behind in the migration of a portion of that tribe nort to Gaza Land. His grandfather was a great chief under Umzila. It was from this ancestry, the *Amagwaza* (stabbers), as the Amatonga called them, that he inherited his strength and indomitable spirit.

When he was led out to drill the first morning, he found that Rosé was his drill master. There was mutual recognition and down in their hearts mutual thoughts of revenge. Angelasi had not forgotten the lashes he had received at the instigation of this man for defending the honor of his

sister, and Rosé had a keen remembrance of how he was rolled in the dust and his hands tied by a "nigger."

But there were two things that he did not remember, if he ever knew them. It would have been well for him if he had. It would have saved him from some discomfiture and perhaps his life. One was that Angelasi was a Zulu. A second thing was that you may cuff a Zulu, even knock him down with a club, but if you kick him, he will turn on you like a tiger, and when that fierce anger of his is roused, he is like a mad bull—you can no more stop him than you could an avalanche. It was that spirit which annihilated a British army at Isandhlwana. Though the Zulu impi was mown down in heaps by machine guns and repeating rifles, it rushed on over the dead bodies of the fallen and overwhelmed the British camp like a tidal wave.

But Rosé had been used to the abject submission of the Tonga slaves. It took him only a few days, however, to find out that his new recruit did not cringe, and fawn, and cry for mercy. Then with the insane idea that he would "tame the nigger," he increased his tyrannical abuse.

At this time, though the whole territory east of the Limpopo River was nominally included in the Portuguese province of Mozambique, the Government had very little control over the tribes of the interior, of whom Umzila, king of the Manguni, claimed to be suzerain. This is a term as to the meaning of which there was a diversity of opinion. With the Boers it meant one thing, with the British something else, with Umzila it meant the right to send out foraging parties whenever he pleased and levy tribute on these tribes to replenish his capital with servants and wives, and his warriors with rations of goats, pigs, fowl, and any other kind of plunder that could be found.

Umzila was now very old and likely to shuffle off the

mortal coil at any time. Then there must be a season of crying and great mourning by all of these subject tribes. That meant that warrior bands would be sent out, and wherever a kraal was found that did not seem to be as demonstrative in grief as is fitting for mourners of a great king, they would stab a few men and capture the women and children. Then there would be real crying in that kraal, that is if any were left to mourn.

This kept the people on tenterhooks. They never waited for the visits of these mourning bands. The rumor that the king was dead, or that his warriors were coming, was enough to scatter them into the bushes like a flock of partridges, or to shelter under the protection of the Portuguese. A troop of soldiers would be sent out, and if, as was generally the case, it was found to be a false alarm, the people would get up courage to return to their kraals.

I was the innocent cause of one such false alarm, which, incidentally, led to Angelasi's escape. I had gone on an evangelizing and exploring trip to the interior. While jogging peacefully along astride of Billy, I suddenly came on a group of girls in the midst of the forest celebrating a custom which is supposed to have originated with the maidens who mourned the sacrifice of Jeptha's daughter. They had never seen such an object as a white horse before, and a white man on it was more terrible to their sight than a lion or an elephant. They ran screaming for their lives in spite of my efforts and those of my boys to restrain them. In twenty minutes the whole district was alarmed and fleeing.

The reconnoitering troop of the Portuguese was ordered out, as usual, under the command of Sergeant Rosé, Angelasi being one of the carriers. When the launch struck the sand on the Maxixi shore where the officer had to be carried out, he got on to Angelasi's shoulders. It

may have been an accident or design that when the carrier went to discharge his human freight, the latter's foot went into a puddle of water and spattered mud on his bright uniform. He flew into a furious passion and began to kick Angelasi viciously. He only began to do it, for the next instant he was kissing the sand. His slave had knocked him cold and he lay senseless for some minutes.

But Angelasi did not wait for the count. With two bounds he disappeared in the bushes. It was so sudden that before the soldiers could bring their guns to bear, he was out of sight and no one dared to follow him. He fled in the direction in which the enemy might be encountered if there was one. Even if they dared, there was no one in that company who could have overtaken him. Rosé himself was in no condition to hunt fugitives. It was nearly a fortnight before he got out of the hospital.

CHAPTER XV

AN ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES AND THE KING'S TRIBUTE THAT CAME BACK

THE alarm which I caused, as recounted in the last chapter occurred on my first attempt to visit the chief of the Amakwakwa, one of Umzila's subject tribes. Of course I had to turn back when we found all the people were fleeing. But as soon as quiet was restored after the panic, I took Tizora and two more of our boys and, mounted on Billy, and accompanied by my faithful shepherd dog Fido, started out again. On account of Billy's reluctance to cross water, I was going to take a wide detour around the head of Fervela River, but Tizora said there was a bridge that would save us a long distance of travel.

If I had had any idea what kind of a bridge it was, I would have gone fifty miles around before I would have trusted my horse on the death trap. Although it was a well-traveled road of the natives, it was never intended to bear the weight of a horse. It was about a half mile in length, and built of mangrove poles stuck in the mud of the morass which borders both sides of the river. These poles, about ten feet out of the water, raised the floor of the bridge to an uncomfortable height, and the worst of it was they were now old and rotten and ready to fall to pieces. I didn't see this nor Billy either until we got beyond the middle; then the cracking of some of the poles got on my nerves.

But now I was between the devil and the deep sea, for it was quite as dangerous to try to turn around and go back on that narrow structure as it was to go forward. I dismounted and coaxed Billy along until we came to a place where one of the sills supporting the floor of the bridge was broken, so the roadway was on a slant as steep as the roof of a house. My barefooted boys and the dog had no trouble getting over without sliding off into the fathomless mud. But a barefooted horse was another proposition. He would almost certainly land in the mud where he would never get out in the world.

"Billy," I appealed to him in despair, "what shall we do? Shall we risk a leap, or shall we try to turn around and go back?"

As if in answer to my question, that sure-footed pony took a running leap and arrived at safe footing, leaving me to fall on my knees with a prayer of thankfulness for a wonderful deliverance. When I got across, I scolded Tizora for leading us into such danger and charged him never to do such a thing again.

Leaving the river, we went a long distance through a dry and sandy desert abounding in thorn bushes, until we came to a kraal which we found deserted. It was almost dark and there was no water. I had a little left in my canteen, enough for my tea, but I was afraid the boys and Billy would have to go thirsty. However, at last the natives, who had fled at our approach, began to come back.

"Why did you run away?" I asked.

"Why should we stay before we knew what sort of visitors we had?" was the answer.

They found us water hidden in the cavity of a big baobab tree, and they sold us a caddy of the dried pulp of the nux vomica and some clear white honey which they had also hidden away. The honey was delicious, but the

dried fruit was bitter stuff to me. The boys ate it, though. A band of Manguni had been there that day and they didn't know but that we might be another party of them, or the same one returning.

I noticed something in the huts of this kraal that I never saw in a Zulu or Tonga hut. There was a hole in the back of the hut, besides the common front door. They said it was for escape when the Manguni came into the front door.

My boys were in a funk and wanted to turn right back. The very name of Manguni was a nightmare to them. They hardly dare lie down to rest. But I wanted to see the Manguni. They seemed to be on a peaceful errand, so I thought it would be a good opportunity to send word to Umzila that I was coming to see him. There were only six of them, and they had taken nothing at this kraal but a little food. But the boys sat down flatly, crying with chattering teeth, "*Magwaza, Magwaza.*" (Stabbers, Stabbers.)

"You cowards!" I upbraided them. "There are only six of them, with spears, and we have four guns, a horse and a dog."

"Oh, Mfundisi!" they wailed. "The Magwaza. You don't know them."

"Well, then, I will go on alone with Billy and the dog, and you may slink home."

"Oh, Mfundisi!" they howled. "Don't leave us. They may not touch you, for you are a white man. But they will surely kill us without your protection."

Finally, Tizora plucked up courage enough to say, "Father, if you are determined to go on, I will go with you, even to death."

The other boys did not dare then to stay behind. Their courage had revived a little when morning came, and we

got an early start. We had not got very far when it began to rain. It had been very dry for a long time and now it seemed to be making up for lost time. It was a steady downpour all day long, until toward night it began to slack up a little. But we had to keep on the march, for we carried no tent and there was no shelter to be found on the way. As a rule, the boys took the lead, for it was only in that way that I could know where they were.

While I assumed an air of bravery and indifference to danger, the fears of the boys were not without some effect on me. Fear is contagious. It makes a panic when there is nothing really to be afraid of. One gets frightened, and others catch it from him. It was still after the rain had ceased, and as it grew dark in the dense woods I had a sense that we were being followed. Once I thought I heard a twig snap, and as I looked back I saw something like a light glance across the path. It might be only my excited imagination, but Billy seemed to be a little nervous, for he sniffed the air and quickened his pace and closed up on the heels of the boys. My attention then was diverted to the front. The barking of dogs apprised us that we were approaching the chief's kraal. That was encouraging, for if there were not some people left, there would be no dogs to welcome us. The approach to the kraal was through a long, narrow avenue, in bush so dense on either side that it would be hard to make any other approach. At the gateway of the kraal stood a guard with shield and spear. At the sight of him my two carriers threw down their packs and bolted into the bush. Tizora pressed up close to my side and whispered with bated breath, "Manguni! Probably the party we have followed and they are in possession of the kraal."

But Fido trotted straight up to the fierce looking sav-

age and fawned upon him. Then an exclamation of glad surprise broke from Tizora and he called to the fugitive carriers, "*Buyani. Ku Angelasi.*" (Come back. It's Angelasi.)

They came slinking back, but we could scarcely believe our eyes, for there, rigged out in feathers, cowtails, beads and all the adornments of a Manguni warrior, was our Angelasi. We had heard of his escape and that nobody knew what had become of him, but that we should meet him here in this guise, we had not dreamed.

He recognized us and calling to another warrior who was evidently his *induna* (officer), he spoke to him and pointed to us. Then he lowered his arms as we approached and gave us the Zulu salutation, "*Sa ni bona*" (We see you), and silently pointed to an open space inside the kraal which the Zulus call "*isigcau,*" where we might go and wait for a formal reception.

As we entered the gate the women and children fled shrieking to their huts at the sight of the strange white animal and the stranger white man on it. Before I dismounted, I noticed we were inside of a strongly built stockade, which would be hard for an enemy to enter, and equally hard for anyone inside to get out, when the gate was shut down and barred as it was after our entrance. Whether or not there was anything to be feared, it would not do to betray suspicion.

I dismounted and took off the saddle and Tizora began to rub Billy down. I trusted God and put my breech-loader under the saddle, where it would not make too much show and could be reached conveniently while I reclined with the saddle for a bolster.

Customs are so different among different tribes that I did not know what might be a proper reception on a first visit. Among the Amatonga there is first a palaver about

where you are going and where you have come from, how are the folks at home, what's the news, etc., after which there will be a mutual clapping of hands and the familiar words of salutation. Had I committed any breach of etiquette here? I didn't know.

There was an ominous silence that made me feel uneasy. As I looked into the faces of my boys, if it would have been possible for them to show it, I would have said they were very pale. I began to have misgivings over having put ourselves in the power of savages. How easy it would be for them to make away with us without a trace left for our friends—as was the case with Attorney General Labuchere of Natal in these wilds of South Africa. I saw my boys glancing at the high walls of the stockade and the heavily barred gate. What did it mean? Why was all so still? Why did no one come near us?

Finally, seeing Angelasi off duty, I beckoned to him and asked him if we could buy some food. He did not know, as they had arrived that day. He would go and see. Disappearing into one of the huts, he persuaded a woman to come out with a basket of peanuts and approach that terrible looking animal and scarcely less awe-inspiring white man, the like of which she had never seen before. As she suffered no harm, others took courage and soon we were surrounded with women with baskets of peanuts, mandioc, bananas and other food enough to last us a month.

I had begun to negotiate with them, when I saw that the induna to whom Angelasi had spoken when we first came in was in a furious passion about something. He came rushing up, and whipped out a long knife. The boys shrank to my side, and I got my finger on the trigger of my rifle as it lay under the saddle, and I saw Tizora fingering the gun he carried. The other boys were simply

paralyzed with terror. But if the savage meant an attack on us, it was not with his knife.

Rushing to a nearby tree, he slashed off a good stiff switch and then charged on the produce sellers and began to whack left and right, and they, leaving their baskets, scampered squealing back to their huts. Then he ordered all the baskets to be gathered up and set down before me. He also ordered a big billy goat to be brought. "There," he said, "is the free offering which we make to the great man who has made us a visit today. You must not think we would be so niggardly as to take pay for anything in our kraal. It is all yours, anything you want."

I thanked him profusely, knowing he would expect in return a gift of ten times the value before we got away. If I had had any suspicion of what he might set his eyes upon, I would not have been so profuse in my thanks. The stuff was not his to give anyhow, but it was not politic to refuse a gift from Umzila's induna, especially as I wished to make him my emissary to the king. It was a much happier turn of affairs, however, than I had looked for when I saw the knife gleaming in his hands.

After that, civilities opened up in almost too friendly a way to suit me. He brought me a bottle of liquor. I could not conscientiously accept it after I had smelt it. It was the native distilled cashew brandy. But he took no offense when I returned it with thanks. He immediately drank it down neat with the help of his friends. The cordiality waxed warmer and warmer. He drove the people out of their huts and gave us one each for Billy, the boys and myself. But he was getting tiresome. I wanted to have a talk with Angelasi, but he would not give me a chance. Finally Tizora drew him off to see Billy watered and fed. He showed great interest in the horse, too much so, Tizora thought.

Then I got Angelasi aside and he told me his story from the time of his escape. When he left Rosé lying on the sand, he made straight for the disturbed area. Having relations of influence at Mandhlakazi, the capital of Umzila's kingdom, he had no fear of the Manguni if he should encounter them. As it happened, he came across a small foraging party. The sight of them may have contributed to the alarm that I had started.

But they had no quarrel with Angelasi, and when he made known to them that he was an *Ingcobo* of the *Bantungwa* and that he had escaped from imprisonment by the Portuguese, they received him kindly and were glad to take him along to help carry their spoil back to Mandhlakazi. They were so far on their way by the time the reconnoitering troop reached the scene of disturbance that the latter returned and reported a false alarm.

When Angelasi reached the capital he was taken into the service of the king and was sent back with this small party as scout and spy. I do not know whether he knew what their mission was. At any rate he did not tell me, only that it was not to cry for the death of the king. He was still alive, so they were not killing people this time, but he whispered to me that it would be well for me to keep an eye on the induna.

I hardly needed this precaution, as his familiarity was becoming unbearable. When Billy had been comfortably housed and fed and the boys had feasted on the goat and other food, I called them into my hut and we had prayers together.

The induna came round again, but I plead fatigue and had the boys spread my blankets. They begged that they might sleep in my hut, as they were afraid to be left without my protection. I consented, as I thought it would be well for us to keep together. After giving orders that

we must not be disturbed, and placing our guns within handy reach, we lay down.

I lay with Fido at my feet towards the door. But tired as I was, sleep was impossible. The moon rose and the usual dance of the young people with their drums and *mihambi* began. Worse than that, our house was infested with the most familiar rats I ever heard of. I cannot say it was worse than the memorable night with the bugs, but it was different. I never knew anything like it. They scratched in my hair, nibbled at my toes and ears, and ran races the whole length of my corporeal system. Once, when one took a turn down my outstretched arm into my open hand, I closed it on him quickly and he bit my finger. I let him go as quickly, and did not use my hand as a rat trap any more. Fido slew several, which they took as a hint that he was not to be disturbed; but they did not let me alone.

The induna was again in evidence. He was drunk enough by this time to be either savage or silly, and he wanted to come into my hut. Angelasi tried, as I had asked him, to dissuade him. But he was bound to come in. Pulling aside the skin door, he thrust one leg inside. Then he pulled it back with a yell. Fido had taken a sample of meat out of the warrior's leg. The night fairly scorched then with the raging curses of the drunken savage. "The white man's dog has drawn blood from an induna of the Great King. Blood for blood must be paid."

So he raved up and down in front of our hut, but he never essayed to enter again. One experience of Fido's teeth was all he cared for. The boys lay trembling near me, and we all kept as quiet as the rats would let us, with our hands on our weapons. The induna had so much liquor aboard of him that he could not keep it up indefinitely, and at length he quieted down. But I did not get

much sleep, and what I did get was only a horrid dream of being devoured alive—which was not altogether a dream.

I hoped the induna would feel better when he had rested and sobered up, but I was not prepared for the greeting which he gave me in the morning. With the most friendly smile, he hoped I had rested well, and he looked at Fido with great admiration.

"That is a very good dog. What will the white man take for him?"

"He is not for sale."

"Then will the good white man give him to his humble servant?"

"Sorry," I replied, "but I cannot give my dog away. I have brought no valuable presents this time, as I did not expect to meet the induna of the King. But if you will make us a visit at our home, I will see that you do not go away empty-handed."

Then I gave him the message I wanted him to carry to the Great King. "For a long time we have wanted to come and teach your people about our great Heavenly Father and the salvation through His Son, and to warn you of the danger of neglecting it. I was planning to come soon to ask a place for our mission at Mandhlakazi."

"It is a good message," he said, "and I would be glad to bear it, but a message to the Great King should be accompanied with a suitable present."

"Yes, I know, but I have nothing suitable that I could send now. I will bring one when I come."

"It should go along with the message," he insisted.

"Sorry, but I tell you I have nothing suitable here now."

"*Amanga*" (Not so). "You have something better than anything else you can offer. The King is old and feeble and has often expressed a wish for a horse such as white men ride. Let me take your horse up to him and your

message will have great weight. You will have prepared him to receive you very favorably. If you refuse when his induna has asked it, it will have a very bad effect on him and your message will not be well received."

What a predicament I had got into! Send my Billy off with this drunken savage? Never! I loved him too well for that. Yet it was true, a flat refusal would act very unfavorably for our mission. These African chiefs all have to be propitiated with gifts. Traders might do it as a sort of license fee. For a missionary to do it looks like a bribe. But they all do it. What could I do? I was in a quandary. Finally I said, "I hear you. There is reason in what you say, but you must give me time to think it over and talk with my boys about it. We are a long way from home, and we must plan how we are going to get home without a horse."

I did not expect to get much light from a conference with Tizora and the other boys. Still, they knew the customs of the people and what the effect would be of a refusal. Anyhow, it was an excuse for a little respite and a chance to think.

"What shall I do, boys?" I asked, when we were alone in our hut. "Shall I let him have Billy?"

"We are afraid to have you refuse," said Tizora. "We know what the Magwaza do when they ask a present. If we do not give it to them, they take it."

"Take it!" I exclaimed. "They will have some trouble in taking Billy when we have four guns."

"But they have six long and sharp assegais and at close quarters they will get them into our ribs before we can cock our guns. No. We are afraid."

"What then? Am I to walk home fifty miles? Is that not excuse enough for refusing now?"

"It is excuse enough for you, but he doesn't want ex-

cuses. He wants the horse and he will have him, willingly or unwillingly."

While we were speaking, a head emerged from the grass which camouflaged the hole in the back of the hut. It belonged to Angelasi and he crawled softly in and motioned silence, "Mfundisi," he whispered, "you must not refuse the horse."

"*Hayishi!*" I ejaculated, in the strongest Zulu word of disapproval. Then another thought popped into my mind. "Well, I will let him have the horse on one condition. It is up to you, Angelasi. Let the induna ride him, and when he gets thirsty, give him a drink while he sits in the saddle. Will you do it?"

"It is as you wish, *Nkosi*" (my lord). He did not ask any explanation. I saw he didn't need any. "But how about the dog? You know he wants him, too."

"Yes, but he can't have him. That's settled."

"No, my lord, you must let him go."

"*We babo!*" I exclaimed so loudly that anyone outside might have heard.

"Hush! There may be listeners. Hasn't the Mfundisi taught us that if we cast our bread on the waters and trust in God we may recover it again? Give the dog and trust in God."

I looked at him. He had an open countenance. When he smiled, it was like the opening of a clam shell. These people had taken in more of my teaching than I had given them credit for. Then his meaning flashed across my mind. "I see what you mean. You will contrive to release the dog and he will come back to me, even from Mandhlakazi. But, Angelasi, that would not be honest. If I sold you a dog when I knew you could not keep him, you would say I cheated you. It would be the same if I pretended to give him to the induna. It would not be an honest gift."

"But is it not better to let the dog go that way than to have a fight and be killed?"

"Will there be a fight?"

"Yes, Mfundisi, there certainly will be, and I will have to fight too or lose my head, unless you will let the dog go without resistance."

That ended the conference. I confess I did not like the suggestion that had been made. It seemed just a little like the slim ways of the Boers, and my boys didn't need any lessons in that line. It is generally admitted that it is sometimes justifiable to deceive. But it is a much mooted question as to when the license may be taken. A brother missionary of whom I shall have something more to say, once told me how the Lord helped him to deceive a business house to his financial gain! He was working as a cabinet maker and a contract for a certain kind of box was to be obtained by competition.

He made the trial box, but unfortunately put the hinges on the wrong side, so he had to change them. He remedied the false cuts so that the box was really no worse for it. Nevertheless, if they were noticed they would probably make him lose the job. He therefore prayed the Lord to blind the eyes of the inspectors so they would not see the blemishes, and He did it! He told me that story after he professed entire sanctification, to show God's faithfulness in answering prayer!

Well, it was a case of divine interposition now. I concluded to act on Angelasi's advice and trust in Providence. I presented the horse and the dog to the induna with all the apologies I could make without too much hypocrisy. I didn't need to lie. Angelasi did all that was needed in that line and did it well.

After holding a short gospel service, we bid good-by

and set out for home. I took the lead now, as there was no fear of the boys' lagging with the Manguni in the rear. When we reached the place where I thought I was followed the day before, Tizora pointed to the tracks of a huge lion in our path. They had been made after the rain; so it was not all imagination. It was his eyes I saw flashing across the path. He had been following us closely, waiting for an opportunity to make a supper out of my horse, and would probably have succeeded if we had not been so close to the kraal. It gave me a creepy feeling as I marked the size of the tracks, and when I heard the cracking of branches in the bush, I quickly cocked my rifle.

Some sort of an animal was coming out into the path ahead of us. In the dim light of the dense bush I could not be sure what it was. It might be a leopard, a hyena or a lion. My excited imagination made it look big enough for the biggest of wild beasts. I would shoot first and find out afterward. I pressed the trigger, but there was only the click of the hammer. The cartridges had become dampened from our long tramp in the rain.

I have known men to swear when their guns missed fire, but that was one time when I had to thank God. As I pumped in another cartridge, the animal trotted up toward us. It was Fido!

He had taken a short cut which brought him in ahead of us. Tied to his collar was a short piece of rawhide rein which had been gnawed off, it may have been by Fido's teeth or possibly Angelasi's.

"See!" I cried, "how God has answered prayer."

"Yes," replied Tizora. "Did you pray that the gun would miss fire?"

He was always asking questions like that which I could not answer on the spur of the moment. If his name were

prophetic of his character it could not have been better chosen. It meant literally "scissors." He had a keenness of perception which cut both ways.

I was a good walker in those days and I set the boys a pace that day which they said they had never made before. I could do it, for I had no fear of running away from them. It had taken us two days to come, but I aimed to make the whole distance back in a day.

As the sun was sinking to where the Zulus say "*Bantu bahle*" (people are pretty), Tizora stopped me with, "Mfundisi, listen!"

I did so, and heard the *thud, thud, thud* of some animal's feet pounding the ground as it approached us.

"What is it?" I asked. I was answered by a whinny. It was Billy who came trotting up to me with saddle and bridle on. He was greeted with a shout by the boys.

"Hush!" cried Tizora, "he will be followed." Too true! Almost immediately there appeared three Manguni warriors coming on with a run.

"Stop, boys!" I cried. "Don't run away." But I might as well have tried to stop jack rabbits. I might have stood my ground myself, but the boys were carrying my gun. It was the better part of valor for me to mount and follow and lose no time about it. In my excitement, I did not think about the broken bridge until we came in sight of it. Then it was too late to take any other road. If I got off the path into the bushes, those savages would soon overhaul me. Billy had negotiated the bridge once. Could he do it again with a man on his back? There did not seem to be one chance in a thousand. I gave a glance back at my pursuers. They were charging with their assegais poised for a throw. One of them made a cast just before we got to the broken place, but it fell short.

"God," I cried, "it is with thee alone to save!"

I closed my eyes as Billy took two flying leaps. I opened them again as I heard a crash behind us. It was the falling of that broken span which Billy kicked down with his last desperate plunge. We were safe, but the savages were so close that one of them went down with the wreck. I did not stop to see how he got out.

Angelasi's stratagem had succeeded. He had given the induna a drink while he sat in the saddle.

CHAPTER XVI

SAINTS ACTUAL AND POTENTIAL

IN the third year of our mission, more missionaries arrived, sent out by our own Board in America. Greta Hegbergh came to be a companion and helper to Ida Belle. Other Boards also sent missionaries to this field, which was beginning to attract attention. It was big enough for all, and we were glad to see them all and gave them what assistance we could in mastering the language and in the selection of suitable mission sites.

Our station proved a convenient halting place for them when passing to and fro, and first one and then another would spend some time with us in the study of the language. Thus we saw a good deal of them, and our relations were always most friendly. One of them, Father Troughton, was a Marist brother, and priest of the Church of England. His bishop also came up to his mission once to confirm some converts. I addressed him as "Brother" Smythe, and said to him: "I don't want you to think I intend any discourtesy. Really, I don't know how else to address a bishop. There are no bishops in our denomination—unless you call us all bishops. We Americans don't have much to do with titular designations, except colonel, and judge, and doctor, although these are used frequently enough when we want to be extra polite. I don't know as any of them would apply to your office. What is the proper way to address you, anyhow?"

"Oh, brother, is good enough for me," he said, "but the correct salutation for a bishop in England is 'My Lord.' "

I didn't laugh, but I wanted to, it struck me as so funny a term for a professed saint and follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who said, "Be ye not called Rabbi, for one is your Master and all ye are brethren." He was a good man according to his light, only it seemed to me to come from a different luminary from mine, and his fraternity were not in all respects quite my idea of saints. Father Troughton borrowed a room of us in which he set up an altar with burning candles before which he was very zealous at his prayers night and morning. He fasted Fridays, and took discipline by flagellation once a week, using a cat-o'-nine-tails with steel hooks on the ends of the lashes. If any of my readers question whether such remnants of paganism are still practiced by so-called intelligent Englishmen, let them read "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," by Walsh.

Freely granting him the privilege of worshiping God after the dictates of his own conscience, we could not fathom his indulging most of the time he was not at his prayers and discipline in the use of a big briarwood pipe. I asked him if it would not be about as good discipline and save some of the Lord's money if he would quit the pipe and give the cat a rest. Tizora said to him in his broken English which he was rapidly acquiring, "You tink dat good way follow Jesu? No."

Then it was his turn to show that he found us queer, too, for he gave us a look of supreme commiseration for our blindness and lack of reverence. However, he took great interest in us, or rather in Tizora. It was marvelous the way Tizora was getting hold of different languages. He already knew three of the Bantu dialects besides the Portuguese, and he was picking up English very fast, so that he was a great help interpreting for newcomers, who soon became interested in his Christian

experience. When Troughton found he was trying to be like Jesus, he spoke encouragingly to him. "Hm, ha, hm, trying to be like Jesus? That is good. You have started right. Now you must be baptized and confirmed."

"Yah, Mfundisi telle me bout dat. Bymbye bapataize me. How call confuleme? Same like bapataize? No?"

"Oh, dear, no. Your missionary can baptize you, but he has no power to confirm you, for he is not a bishop. The bishop has received his power by direct Apostolic Succession, and when he puts his hands on you, you will receive the Holy Ghost."

This was astounding news to the young convert. He had never heard anything like it before, and so he raised the question in the next session of the probation class I had started: "Is confirmation a further requirement after baptism, and who has the power to administer it?"

I had learned not to be in a hurry about answering him. If I did answer his first question promptly, he was sure to come back at me with another harder one. I simply told the class what the custom was in the Roman Church. Giving them some texts on the subject, I asked Tizora to help them look them up in the Zulu Bible, with which he had now become quite familiar. They spent a good part of the night searching the Scriptures and were much impressed with the laying on of hands as described in the Acts of the Apostles. They all thought if Peter, or Paul, or John would lay their hands on them they would, indeed, cherish the blessing. But Tizora wanted to know first if Paul did not receive the Holy Ghost when he was baptized by Ananias, and then if Ananias were a bishop. Two other things, however decided Tizora that he didn't care for any confirmation by the bishop. One was the sight of the bishop bowing down with his missionary before the

altar with its candles and crucifix. In horror he came to me in my study. "Mfundisi," he gasped, "they are bowing down before those things. I saw them."

"Who? What do you mean?"

"The bishop and Brother Troughton."

"Oh, that's only their way of worship. Don't you understand?"

"But God says, 'Thou shalt not bow down before them.' "

"Yes, I know the commandment, but they do not really worship those things. They are only used as a help to think of God."

"But you taught us that God does not want us to use any such help in His worship. We did not use to believe the elephant's tusk was really an *itongo* (spirit). We only used to use it as a help in our old worship. But you said it was wrong. It was breaking the commandment."

"Yes, that is true, but these people are Christians. We must not judge them in that way." In spite of all I could say, however, I could not reverse the judgment of this simple, unsophisticated soul that these worshipers were committing a great sin.

But perhaps a bigger stumbling-block to him was the fact that the bishop was as ardent a devotee of his pipe as his missionary. To his simple understanding, one who has a monopoly of the dispensation to others of the Spirit, ought to be supplied with a good measure of it himself. Having once been sorely in the thralls of his hemp horn, and seeing very little difference between the pipe and it, it seemed to him that not much of the Spirit would come in to the bishop himself till the pipe went out.

Our new location being high and removed from the mosquito-breeding swamps, our health was fairly good.

But an epidemic of whooping cough occurred among the children in the kraals and our two babies were taken with it. Though a lingering and annoying ailment, it is not, of course, usually dangerous. The eldest weathered it without much trouble, but little Stella Gertrude took it harder and required a good deal of attention, which was very wearing on my dear wife; so that if God had sent an angel to help us it could not have been appreciated more highly than to have that saint, Miss Hegberg, with us.

Saint seems to be the common designation of all true followers of the Lord in the Scriptures. Nowadays we only apply it to the most eminent, such as Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and their like. We shrink from using it as a common term for all manner of Christians. But in the case of Greta Hegberg it never seemed to be a misfit. I have not attempted any pen portraits of persons in this narrative. My artistic talent never rose to that height. I could no more describe the features of a beautiful woman than I could tell what she had on. I could not for the life of me tell how Ida Belle is dressed today, though I have just sat at the table with her for dinner. I can only tell whether or not she looks good. That is all I can say of Miss Hegberg—she looked good. I have an impression that she was very fair and had luxurious golden hair, and that her eyes were deep blue. They ought to have been to go with her complexion. But I am not sure, I only know they were the kind you like to look at. A Portuguese officer who saw her when she came ashore from the ship, said to me, "I don't see why such a beautiful lady should come out to this fever-stricken country to throw her life away on *los pretos*."

Ida Belle, pale and worn with watching and anxiety, only needed the sight of that sweet and sympathetic face

to let loose a flood of pent-up tears. Miss Hegberg had ability and tact as well as a heart overflowing with love. It made us all love her, even the natives, and Fido, and Billy, who was proud to carry her up from the launch. We had not allowed ourselves to think there was any great danger to our little darling, but we now realized that we had felt a strain which the coming of this true saint greatly relieved. She did so many things for us besides nursing the sick—teaching the classes, helping in the printing room, caring for the house, etc.—that we wondered how we ever managed to get along before she came. She shared the general interest in Tizora and he fairly worshiped her. I think she was better able to draw him out and satisfy his inquiring mind than I.

Brother Troughton, who was still with us, also fell under the spell of this endearing nature. They were both studying the vernacular. She was quick and making rapid progress. Still, I didn't see why he seemed to think he could get more help from her than he could from me or Tizora. I hoped he would not be so foolish as to think her cordiality to him meant anything more than it did in the case of the rest of us. Nevertheless he was evidently getting hopelessly smitten. He was actually getting so deeply interested as to be willing to lay aside his pipe an hour at a time in order to be in her society as she did not like tobacco smoke and did not hesitate to tell him so. Having once been a smoker myself, I knew he must be in pretty deep when he could force himself to make such a self-denial. I pitied him, for I knew that he was not the kind to win her love. I might have dropped a word of caution to one or both of them, but I did not see what good it would do, nor how to do it without offense. I could not change her nature. I would not have done so if I could.

She was like a light that can not help shining. If he would flutter around her like a foolish moth he was bound to get his wings singed sooner or later.

Among her other ministrations, Greta often went out with baby Stella for an airing and Troughton would seize the opportunity to go along. She allowed him to do so only if he would leave his pipe behind.

CHAPTER XVII

DIVINE HEALING

I BELIEVE in Divine healing. In fact I do not believe in any other kind of healing. I was matriculated in Yale Medical College in preparation for foreign mission work and I was there taught that all any doctor can do is to assist nature who is the only healer. What is nature but God working through His laws? I have great faith in prayer for the sick—as in prayer for everything else—and I know prayer has been answered many, many times. If I did not have this faith, I never would have been a missionary. It is true Divine aid is often given unasked. "He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good and sendeth the rain on the just and the unjust." But that is no objection to prayer. The answer may be conditioned on the asking. At any rate we must pray if we believe in the Bible. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." "Be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

That is not to say that every request will be followed by the grant of the specific thing that is asked. We would be sorry if it were. Prayer not made in submission to the Divine Wisdom is impious, but we are to pray for everything—healing and everything else—and expect that God will answer according to His Wisdom, not ours. We pray

for our daily bread, but is it a lack of faith to work for it at the same time and use all honest means to obtain it?

A native deacon of one of our Zulu churches once told me that he was not plowing this year. "I am trusting that the Lord will provide." Was I wrong in rebuking him and telling him he was very foolish?

"Go to work." I said. "Earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. Plow, and plant, and fertilize, and cultivate. Show your faith by your works, and then trust God to give you a good crop."

Very trite philosophy this, which cannot be gainsaid; it is all the more astonishing that there are apparently sane people who think it shows a lack of faith to use any means or remedies for healing the sick. A few of these misguided people get out into the foreign field. I find too that there are many more of them here in America. They prefer to remain here apparently, and even those who do go over there rather avoid the fever districts.

I never knew a Christian Science practitioner to go into an unhealthful locality to live. It may be because he would never get a fee there for his practice, for the native likes to see something done for his money. I have known a few divine healers to go into the fever districts and those got the fever the same as other missionaries. They do not stay long, and unless they assist nature by some remedy or means besides simply praying and believing, they die. I knew of one who would not carry any quinine into the fever country, but when he got the fever he used up a bottle which his co-laborer brought. There were others who were more consistent with their belief. They would take nothing, and some of them are buried there at Inhambane.

Even so zealous a believer in prayer as Charles Finney was wont to help God to answer his prayers. I heard

this story from a student in his divinity class at Oberlin. One time when Mr. Finney was indisposed, he invited the class into his sitting room for the lectures. The soft sofas and cushioned chairs were conducive to sleep, which was aggravating to this active teacher. When he opened the class with prayer at the next session he prayed earnestly that all might be kept awake. Even that did not seem to do much good. So the next time the class came for a lecture they found the sofas and chairs had been exchanged for hard benches and seats. As they looked wonderingly at the change, Mr. Finney placidly remarked "I thought I would help God to answer my prayers."

I believe in prayer, and in the faithful use of all scientific means gained through centuries of experience and study of the human body and its diseases. Medical missionaries are not a waste of money as some aver, but a practical way of carrying out the Savior's injunction to "heal the sick." What knowledge I acquired at the medical college was perhaps only enough to make it a dangerous thing to use—in most cases. But in some other cases it was of practical value.

I once found a boy who was covered with putrid sores, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. I never saw anything like it. I do not believe he could have lived long in such a state. He could not straighten up to walk. He could only lie and suffer, there being not a spot on him that could be touched without pain. Though I had no idea that the disease could develop to such an extreme, the symptoms plainly indicated scabies and I knew what to do for that disease. I ordered a tub of water warmed and I watched him scrubbed with water and soap while he howled with pain. Then I anointed him with sulphur and lard and gave him a good dose of sulphur

and molasses internally. In two days his skin was clean, and he was running about.

I could tell of many other instances of the beneficial use of scientific means in accordance with intelligent faith in the Divine Healer. The time I got some virus and vaccinated our family and the natives in the vicinity, not one who had been vaccinated took the disease, while whole villages were exterminated where there had been no vaccination.

Contrast this experience with some cases I have known of those who refuse to take any remedy. I will mention one. A young lady, a faith missionary who came to us some years later while we had charge of the Mapumulo Mission station in Natal, claimed to have been Divinely healed of tuberculosis in America. But she still exhibited to us all the symptoms of the white plague. She would do nothing for it, however, as that would be to show a lack of faith in her form of healing. We were then living at Umvoti and had Fred Weise and his wife, young married people, as assistants in the mission house at Mapumulo, with whom she went to live. Day by day it was increasingly apparent that her disease was rapidly running its course and that the end was not far off. "But we dare not tell her or do anything for her," Fred said. "She would not listen to us. Yet she was a very earnest and consistent Christian in every other way. Her very last day of earth, she insisted on walking up to the store and back with my wife, three miles away. When she got back she was completely exhausted. The next morning she called us to come quickly to her bedside. 'The devil is trying to get my breath,' she said—and in a few minutes was gone."

I do not know that any remedies within the knowledge even of the most skillful physician would have healed that

girl. Perhaps they would if they had been taken in time—before she left America. But the point is that her complete reliance upon and most steadfast belief in Divine healing did not cure her. How many cases of healing by Christian Science or Pentecostal faith end like that!

I have told how our eldest child was healed when we despaired of her life in answer to prayer. I have no doubt of that. We had used all the means we knew but none of them seemed to do any good. They may have done more good than we knew. At any rate, I am glad we used them; it was our faith in action. But we can give God all the glory just the same. When an infidel doctor in America heard that the smallpox and the fever were epidemic in our vicinity he kindly informed our friends that our baby would die. But she is a strong healthy woman today and the mother of four healthy children, while he has been dead many years.

Does the above account complete my experience of Divine healing? I wish it did. What I have to add seems rather to mar the story and I have been advised to leave it out. The reader may skip it if he chooses, but I think honesty requires it to be told.

Our little Stella was very ill. We were praying and doing everything we could for her but she was rather growing worse. Troughton asked me "Has she been baptized?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"Well, I don't want to alarm you, but you can see she is very ill, and I would not put it off if I were you."

I had no very pronounced views about infant Baptism. I thought it was the right and proper thing for parents to dedicate their children to God, which is all it amounted to in my opinion. I was getting my probation class ready for baptism and organization into a church, and thought

that to have Stella baptized or dedicated at the same time would be an impressive lesson of a covenant with God, and that it would be nice to have Brother Troughton officiate, which he was quite willing to do. So I consulted the mother, and got her consent. After the service the baby rapidly grew worse. Troughton said he had had a medical training and warned us that a crisis was coming. All the remedies we tried seemed to have no effect. Miss Hegberg, who was a skillful nurse, had done her best, but our little darling was fast leaving us. Our hearts were breaking as we looked on in agony at the agony of the little innocent. We were praying all the time, but we wanted to do something.

One remedy recommended in my standard medical work in an extreme case of this kind was brandy. But we didn't have any in the house. I hate the stuff and have reason to do so. Whisky and cod liver oil were once prescribed to me for threatened tuberculosis while I was in college. I took it, until I came to love the remedy more than I feared the disease. So I quit it, and I have shunned alcohol ever since as I would the plague.

Nevertheless I believe it is a useful remedy in some cases, and it was indicated in this one. Miss Hegberg said she had seen it used with good effect. Troughton said if anything could, it was the only thing that could save her. So I dispatched Tizora to a trader ten miles distant. I knew he would have this remedy, for I had always seen a bottle standing on his table, and he prescribed liberal doses to himself all day long. In two hours my messenger was back with a bottle of brandy, but if it ever would have done any good it was too late now. She revived a little after the dose as she lay in her nurse's lap, then with a far-off look as if she hailed some one coming for her, she held out her little hands and breathed her last.

Why was not prayer answered for her, answered by her return to health, as it was for our little Anna? I can only say, "Our Father knows, but He has not revealed it to us."

We laid her away under a spreading flat crown tree at the foot of our garden. That little grave makes us feel that we have a permanent personal interest in that mission field. A piece of our heart lies buried there.

It did us good to see and feel the love and sympathy of our mission friends as they gathered around us and tried to comfort us in our sorrow. The natives, too, stolid and indifferent as they seem to be the most of the time, showed real human sympathy and we could realize that they belong to the same human family for whom the Savior died.

CHAPTER XVIII

BILLY'S JOKE

AS there was no baby now to take out for her daily airing, Miss Hegberg began visiting the neighboring kraals to practice her knowledge of the native tongue as she was ministering to the sick and teaching the Bible. She was glad to have Tizora go along with her when he could be spared, and one or more of the native girls. But Troughton generally managed to turn up and go along without any invitation. It soon became evident that his interest was not entirely evangelical and Miss Hegberg, embarrassed by his attentions, asked me when he was going away. I told her that I had supposed he was only going to stay a few days when he came, but he had asked me lately if he could stay two or three months. He said he could not do anything on a station by himself until he got the language, and he could find no better place to get the language than right here, if I would permit him to stay. I could not refuse. "You know," I said, "we must not be forgetful to entertain strangers."

"Then I will go," she said.

I did not ask her why. It is true she was not needed so much now Stella was gone, but she had made a place in our hearts that she would leave desolate. We could not bear to think of her going.

"Please do not go," I urged. "I will try to convince Brother Troughton that he can study the language just as well somewhere else."

"Oh, no, don't do that." she protested. "It is unnecessary. I have received a pressing invitation from Sister

Blackman to come and stay with her awhile and I have accepted it. That will be the best way to avoid all unpleasantness, and I think things will come out all right."

So we bade her au revoir with wishes for a pleasant journey and hopes that she would not stay too long, and she set off on Billy for the fifteen mile ride to Shikuri, the new station which the Blackmans had started.

After she had gone, Troughton began to get uneasy. His appetite was not so good and he asked me to take his temperature. He was afraid he was getting the fever. "Do you see any symptoms?" he asked me.

"No, I think not, but aren't you smoking more than is good for you? I think if you would exercise more and smoke less, you would feel better and have a better appetite."

"You may be right," he said, "but I am no good at walking in this sand. If you could spare me your pony, I would like to go out to some of the more distant kraals. I want to see more of the country."

"Billy is at your service any time when we are not using him," I said.

If I had known where he wanted to go, I think I would have found some use for the horse at home. When he set out he remarked that he might not be able to get back that night. It was too late to demur then for he was already astride the saddle, but I half suspected something. I only said "Then you must be back early in the morning for Billy has to draw water tomorrow."

There was a stream to cross before getting to the Blackmans' station. Most of the time it is only a little rill that one can step across. But at high spring tide the water backs up so that it would reach the stirrups of a rider's saddle. As I have said, Billy had decided objections to wading water as deep as that. If I had known

where Troughton was going and that he would find the creek full, I would have sent a boy with him. But he was careful not to let me know.

He did not come back the next morning as he had promised, nor the day following. The third day passed without his putting in an appearance, and the boys had to carry water by hand from the spring a mile away. I sent a boy to make enquiries. He came back with the horse and a letter from Miss Hegberg by which we learned what had befallen our guest.

When he reached the stream above mentioned the water was up to its highest mark and Billy refused to enter. As his reverence was alone, he stripped himself of all but his flat priestly hat and tied his clothes to the saddle. Then he undertook to drive the horse into the water, holding on to his tail. Billy plunged in, towing the reverend gentleman behind, but when he reached the further bank, he sprang out so impetuously that Troughton lost his hold and fell flat in the slimy mud.

Billy was fond of a joke and this was too good a chance for him not to take advantage of it. He ran off a little way and stopped at the first good bunch of grass and began to crop it off.

"Whoa, Billy!" cried his reverence as he crept softly up to the animal's side and reached out his hand to take the rein. But Billy had no notion of being captured so soon. He jumped, and squealed, and kicked up his heels, and ran on to another bunch of grass. Another attempt was made with the same result. The performance was repeated again and again. The cunning pony would wait until his pursuer was almost in reach of the rein, then he would squeal and kick up his heels and trot off, which was his way of saying, "Ha, ha, ha, you can't come it."

It was now getting intensely interesting to both parties, for they were approaching the mission house which was set

BILLY

in the midst of a wide clearing. Billy trotted right by the house to a bunch of grass on beyond, and took a bite. Troughton stopped when he saw the house, and the pony lifted up his head and whinnied, as much as to say, "Come on."

But he dare not come on now. A native girl came out before he could retreat, and when she saw him she screamed. She had seen white men before, but never the whole of one. Then he was only white in spots, the rest of him was black and slimy. Her scream brought Miss Hegberg out to see what was the matter. The unhabilimented man threw himself flat on the ground behind a tuft of grass. It was scarcely big enough to screen a rabbit. But it was his only refuge. There he lay crying, "Go back! Send me a blanket!"

"Mrs. Blackman!" she called. "There is somebody out here in distress who wants a blanket." The lady of the house quickly responded, bringing a rug with her, and both ladies started down to the dimly outlined object from which the cries came.

"Don't come here!" he yelled. "I'm ill. I have the D. T.'s. I have the smallpox! Go back, quickly!"

Mrs. Blackman hesitated, but the other lady, knowing how a fever-stricken patient frequently becomes insane, kept right on with the rug. Then she saw an object which she never saw before in her life and would never see again. It was simply a whole man in puris naturalibus, the same as Adam before the fall, only with a priest's hat on his head running as for his life. Then a horse laugh from Billy attracted her attention. He came up snickering to the mistress he loved. When she saw the bundle of clothes tied to the saddle, she recognized the clerical garb, and knew who the lunatic was. She sent a boy with the clothes to hunt for the runaway, but she never saw him again.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW I CAME TO IMMERSE SOME CONVERTS

TIZORA was making genuine progress in the divine life. It was touching to see the interest he showed in our affliction. The readiness with which he mounted Billy and raced off after that brandy, coming back in the dark night through a hostile tribe, showed a nobleness of spirit that I have always remembered with gratitude. I had no other Tonga boy that I could have hired to go by a Batwa kraal after dark, especially after the affair with Angelasi.

One day not long after this, as we were in the printing room he asked me "What is it to believe?"

I looked at him with astonishment. He had made a profession of faith and been baptized, and after all that did he not yet know the meaning of faith? Had we not been thorough enough in our teaching? As I have mentioned before, there is no original word in any of the Bantu dialects to express what we mean by Christian faith. In the Zulu and Xosa dialects, a word has been used so long for this purpose that it has come to be pretty well understood by Christian natives, but Bishop Colenso pointed out that faith is not the original meaning of the word. It is "to be satisfied." To be satisfied with the evidence or convinced is about the same as to believe. But the same word is used when one has had enough of anything and does not want to hear of it any more, quite a different idea from faith or belief. I had used a word

in the Tonga and Sheetswa equivalent to the Zulu *kolwa* (to be satisfied).

"Why, Tizora," I exclaimed, "you surely do not need to have that word explained to you now? When the natives go to work for the Portuguese why do they always insist on getting their pay in advance?"

"Because they are not satisfied (*kolwa*) they will get any pay if they don't get it in advance."

"Why do they not insist upon it when they come to work for me?"

"Because they are satisfied (*kolwa*) that you will do what you promised."

"Well, that being satisfied that my word is true, is faith. Don't you see that now?"

"Yes, father, you told us that before and I thought I understood it, but there is something about it I do not yet understand. I am not sure that I do. Why did you make us all declare before all the people that we are satisfied with Jesus, before you would sprinkle us with water?"

I was at work on a Sheetswa hymn at the time and I am afraid I answered rather shortly. "You have the answer in your catechism which you have learned. 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' "

"Yes, father, I know that, but how does that answer my question?"

"Tizora, sometimes I think you are as sharp as a pair of scissors newly ground. Then again you can't see through a pane of glass with a hole in it. Don't you see that the belief must come first? We have no authority to baptize anyone without evidence of his faith. That is why we want an emphatic declaration from you that you believe before we can baptize you and admit you into the Body of Christ. Now I hope you are satisfied and

will not trouble me any more with your questions for a while."

He was silent for a few minutes and the type clicked in their cases. Then he saw me looking up for an inspiration. I suppose he thought I was resting and he ventured another question. "Mfundisi, can a baby believe?"

"Tizora," I snapped, quite out of patience, for I was just getting a nice line licked into shape. "You make me tired. How can a baby who can not speak a word be satisfied with the evidence of a thing?"

"Oh, father, don't be angry with me, but I couldn't understand why you had the baby baptized."

It was no use. It was impossible for me to write hymns while this battery of questions was being fired at me. I picked up my books and fled to another room before he could get after me again.

Some weeks later, while we were at work translating the Gospel of Mark, the subject came up again and I was worse beset than ever. It was my first attempt at translating any consecutive portion of Scripture. I think it is a mistake to push through the translation of the whole Bible, as some have done, when the language has only just begun to be reduced to writing. It is impossible for an adult foreigner ever to come to understand it like a native. It is said the Bible can be translated into any language. It can be, but it takes time. Words have to be invented. New meanings have to be put into words. If the Bible is translated while the language is in its formative stage by a missionary whose knowledge of it can not but be very imperfect, he is bound to make many mistakes.

It may be thought easy enough to correct them by a revision when the written language is more thoroughly established and better understood. But that is anything but easy. People do not easily change from the old to the

new. Witness how many still cling to the King James version of the Scriptures and think the Revision is a corruption of the Word of God. What then can be expected of people just emerging from illiterate savagery? I write out of years of later experience as editor in chief of an interdenominational committee for the revision of the Zulu Bible. Though the first translation was made by such scholars as Dohne, Colenso, Grout, Abraham and Robbins, it was found to be full of mistakes as the language came to be better understood, and a combined movement was made by all the different missionary societies for a revision.

After twenty years of work by the interdenominational committee, several years more were taken by Dr. Taylor to revise and edit the revision thoroughly. What was the result? A vastly improved version that was received by missionaries and their converts with acclamation? No, they will not have it and it is not to be published. They prefer the old edition.

In my opinion, it is best to begin with catechisms and simple passages that do not call for an accurate, literal translation. For that reason I began with the Gospel of Mark. Tizora was at my elbow with the Zulu version, I had the lately published English Revision and the Greek text adopted by the revisers.

As a rule a native interpreter will follow the text if it takes him out of the window. I had a Zulu teacher who translated hardship as a hard ship. She may have thought it was an iron-clad. Another translated "hostages," as old horses. But Tizora used a little more common sense than that.

Very soon we came to the word "bapatiza," as we have it in the Zulu version. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why you have it there in the Zulu before you, and

you have been baptized. You ought to know what it means."

"Yes, father, but it is not Zulu. It is one of your missionary words. Is it English?"

"No, it is not English either. It comes from the Greek "baptizo. It means to administer the rite of baptism." My definition was like a definition of luminary which I have seen, "Something which illuminates." But it did not satisfy my inquisitor.

"But what does the Greek baptizo mean," he asked.

Turning to my Greek lexicon, I read, "To dip, immerse or wash. But what do you want to know that for?"

"Well you are always talking about keeping close to the original and trying to translate the exact meaning. Why don't you do that here?"

"I do. Don't you see I do? How would you translate it any differently?"

"Why, I would say, 'In those days came Jesus from Galilee and was immersed by John in the Jordan, and coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened.' "

"Well, let's get on. You will have to learn a good deal more before I can explain everything to you."

"My father, I do want to get on. I owe my life to you. You have taught me most everything I know. But I think I can get on faster when a big stumbling-block is taken out of the way."

"Yes, my boy," I answered him more kindly; "that is so. Is this a stumbling-block to you?"

"Yes, Mfundisi, it is. Is it anywhere said that Jesus or any of his disciples dipped, immersed or washed babies in water?"

"Tizora, you are too sharp today. Who has been grinding you?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I want to know the

truth. The minister said he baptized the baby in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, but he did not immerse or dip her in water."

"Well, since you must know the whole truth, I will have to tell you if we are to get any work done today. The fact, as agreed by all authorities I have read, is that there is no record of any infant baptism in the early Church and the rite of baptism was originally by immersion, as the name signifies. But the ordinance has been changed, and now the word has come to mean the rite of consecration with water in whatever form it may be administered."

"That clears it up a little, but why was it changed?"

"It was for convenience. [I had to use the English word, for there is no equivalent Sheetswa or Zulu word.] You see the Roman Church got in the way of teaching that there is no salvation without baptism. It mattered not how good one might be or how sincerely he may have repented, unless he were baptized he would be lost. Now, suppose one were so near death that it would be impossible to take him to any river or pool where he could be immersed, how then could he be saved? In such a case they said it would answer to sprinkle or pour water on him and call that baptism.

"But there were those who did not see how keeping the old name for the new thing made it baptism. There was so much dispute about it that finally a great Council had to take the matter up and it decided that if anybody was so sick that he could not be immersed, sprinkling would do, and it was named 'Clinical Baptism' (Sick Baptism). Then they took another step and said that if that kind of baptism is effective, why not have all newborn infants baptized? There will be no risk then of anyone's dying without baptism.

"Yes, father, now you make it very plain to me. I see

how the rite was changed by the Roman Church for convenience and because of their belief in its necessity for salvation. But had they any authority to change it for those reasons?"

"Come, come, we must get to work. We are not having a class in Church history now."

This did not end the controversy. Do my best to sidetrack him, sooner or later Tizora would hang around and lie in wait for me, and I would be hit by a shot from an ambush where I least expected it.

Not long after this I got a letter from Miss Hegberg, who was still at Brother Blackman's, saying she had become interested in a hopeful work there. Already she had six converts and was preparing them for baptism. Would I come over and baptize them?

"I will be glad to do anything for you," I wrote, "but I am afraid Brother Blackman will think I am trespassing upon his preserves."

"Brother Blackman knows very little of the language." she wrote in reply. "He has had fever, so he has not been able to study much. Then these converts belong to an outside kraal and have been gained entirely by myself. He leaves their preparation and admission to the fold entirely to me. They want to be baptized in water and he only sprinkles."

"Hm, hm," I thought, "did she not know that I only sprinkled? Why did she ask me to do what Mr. Blackman would not do? She must have overheard a discussion on the subject I had with Troughton in which I had agreed that immersion was the original method and that our Lord had set the example at his own baptism. I had maintained that in a warm country where water was convenient, immersion was quite proper, if desired. Here was

a chance to carry out my theory in practice. So I consented, and the day was appointed for the service.

But before it took place, Tizora got after me again with his question that I hoped he had forgotten. "Had the Roman Church a right to change the ordinance?"

What was I to say? If I gave an unqualified affirmative, it would open too wide a gate. In fact it would knock out the underpinning of Protestantism. If the Catholic Church has a right to change one thing it might another. We haven't a leg to stand on. Finally I said, "We do not admit the right of the Roman Church or Councils to change anything that was ordained and sanctioned by the example of our Savior, but He said He would send us the Holy Spirit who would guide us into all truth. Now if the Church—I do not mean the Roman Church, but the great majority of Christians—agree that they have been led by the Spirit to adopt a certain thing, though it may be different from what was done at first, we may take it as right and lawful—as for instance the change from the observance of the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) to the Christian Sunday."

I thought that would be a settler, but he had one more question. "Is it true that the great majority of all Christians are agreed that sprinkling is baptism?"

There again he had me. I could not answer that question. I knew that the Greek and all the Eastern Churches adhere to immersion. Is it a fact that the Catholics and all the Protestants who practice sprinkling are in the majority? I was afraid it was not. So I had to give it up.

"There is no use talking any more about it." I said. "Are you not satisfied that you have been properly baptized?"

"No, according to all you have told me yourself, it does not seem to me that I have."

"Then I advise you to be baptized in the way that your conscience approves. I am going over to Shikuri on Sunday to immerse six converts, [I used the Sheetswa word for immerse.] If you feel that you want to be buried with Christ in baptism you may go along with me and be one more added to the number."

I have been asked how I came to immerse converts at Inhambane when I had never been immersed myself. The above is the explanation of it.

CHAPTER XX

VENIT KID M'COY

AFTER the baptism of the converts, Miss Hegberg returned, to our great joy. Brother Troughton had gone, which was a great relief to us all. Gone was his pipe, and his altar, and his candles and his prayer book, and his place thereof knew him no more.

But it was soon taken by a young missionary sent out by another American Board. He had his peculiarities, too, but they were in a different line. His name was Henry McCoy, but he got the name of "Kid McCoy" on board the steamer which brought him. His name and youth would naturally suggest the famous hero of the prize ring, and when he exhibited considerable muscular activity in separating a pair of combatants, he was dubbed at once by the rough men in the steerage in which he came. The name was not altogether inappropriate for he was a fighter and a wrestler. He fought against sin in all its forms and wrestled like Jacob with God in prayer.

He had no pipe, or altar, or candles. He used no prayer book or scourge, but he afflicted himself and the rest of us in other ways. If we could not smell his pipe, we could hear him about as far. He would begin his devotions at three or four o'clock in the morning. I believe his usual schedule was two hours in the morning and two hours at night. The Trappist monks could beat him in the length of their devotions—they put in seven hours a day

without a break—but they read their prayers out of a book. Harry, as we called him, it seemed so natural, made up his prayers as he went along. I think he was trying to bear witness to secret prayer; but the secret got out the first morning after he came to us, while we were still in bed and not in a frame of mind to profit by it as we should, for we heard our names mentioned quite audibly.

He began at once to pray for a revival. The secretary of his board had limited him to two weeks for a revival the same as he had done another missionary of their society. He did bring us a blessing, which was realized in less than two weeks, but I think if things had then been as they were when we arrived, he would have begged for a little longer time.

He testified of his conversion and he had kept a record of the day and the hour, and also about his second blessing and the baptism of the Spirit. He got the baptism of fire later on, as will appear.

He impressed us all with his earnestness, especially Tizora who interpreted for him. He examined us all in regard to our spiritual attainments. "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?"

I am afraid none of us passed on that question—that is according to his standard.

"Have you believed?"

"Yes. We think so."

"That is good, but you ought to know it, not simply to think it. Have you been born again?"

That was a poser to most of our people. They wished he would give them an easier one, but some ventured to say they hoped they had.

"Hope! That's not enough. You must know it. I know of my regeneration. I am just as sure of my second birth as I am of my first."

Those searching questions greatly disturbed Tizora. The rest were hardly far enough along to know what he meant.

"Spose may be me no hab convet, how me git um den?" he asked in his broken English.

"If you are not converted, born again, you will never even see the Kingdom of God. The wrath of God abideth on you and you will go to hell."

"Oh, Mfundisi! You make me too much flaid. I dunno, I tink I convet coz I wan' be like Jesus, an' I trow way hemp horn an' I go git bapataize in ribber. Dat all no convet? No?"

"No. All that is not conversion. You may give up your hemp horn and even your daily food and be plunged in the river a thousand times. It won't save you. You will go to hell at last. If you are converted you will know that your sins are pardoned. You will have the witnesss of the Spirit. You will feel that Jesus is in you and He will be very precious to you."

"Den how me git dat feel? Me wan' um too mush."

"You must pray till you get it. There is no other way. Pray hard. Pray out loud, the louder the better. It doesn't make any difference who hears you. If the whole countryside hears you crying to God in the bush, it will be a good thing. They will know somebody is getting saved while they are lost. But you must keep on praying. It may take a good while. It may take all night, but if you keep on praying you will get through. Peace will come and you will know you are saved. That is conversion."

This conversation took place at the close of an evening meeting. After we had gone to bed, I heard somebody crying in the bush. It is not unusual for a drunken native to make night hideous with his howling, or again it might

be somebody at his hemp horn. But I caught some words which were unusual for an unenlightened savage, and I thought the voice sounded like Tizora's. I got up and went to the door and listened. It was our promising convert and he was following instructions to the letter. Our people were awake and were listening with awe, but some laughed and made fun of it. I rebuked them sternly and told them when it came their turn to realize their lost estate they would cry louder than that. Yet it was hard for me to repress the sense of the ludicrous. Much of his prayer was in broken English trying to imitate his new teacher. "Come now! Come Lord! Amen! Hallelujah! Glory to God! I believe. I believe. Hear prayer, Oh God!"

He seemed to have an idea that God would understand him better in the language of the missionaries. When his English failed, he would pray in Zulu as the next language most intelligible to the Deity; then he would drop down into Sheetswa or Tonga.

I awoke several times in the night to hear him still going on and at daybreak he was still at it, though his cries were much fainter. Then they ceased and I heard him coming to the house singing a song I had translated into Sheetswa. "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." At the end of every line, and sometimes in the middle of a line, he would stop and shout "Hallelujah!" or "Glory to God!" He went straight to McCoy's room and they had a time of singing and praising God which could be heard all over the place.

We were having continuous meetings while this zealous revivalist was with us and that night Tizora testified how he had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "All night long I cried unto God while a thousand devils were flying around me. In the morning when I was nearly exhausted

with the great conflict, I felt a tingling sensation run down my back and it was all light and I knew the great gift had come."

The light was probably daylight as it was almost sunrise and the tingling sensation—I shall not belittle this experience, only I think there is a psychological explanation for it. It was real, but it is easily imitated. It made a profound impression on the rest of our people and before the two weeks were up which McCoy had been given for a revival, several others professed a similar experience. McCoy wrote a glowing letter about it, telling of the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit and the number of genuine conversions.

I do not criticise the letter. We had an uplifting and no mistake. Our feelings needed to be touched as well as our intelligence. But there must be something else besides feeling. I think Tizora was converted when he threw away his hemp horn, and that others were converted before the coming of this revivalist—if they ever were converted. Others might think differently. McCoy himself would not believe it. It is possible, humanly speaking, that there was just a little ambition on his part to get those converts all credited to his account. Our most devout missionaries do betray such human weakness sometimes. But I do not judge him. He was a man of God. We were glad to have him with us and sorry when he left us.

As the interest increased, many from outlying kraals came in. The young converts in their fervent zeal went out into the byways and hedges and compelled them to come in, and numbers were saved—as Brother Harry wrote. One of them was a blind man, a very interesting case.

There were a good many blind people in the district of Inhambane; in fact they abound everywhere I have been

in Africa. But there seemed to be more here than elsewhere. What the cause of this affliction is, I do not know. Possibly malaria, and the hemp smoking has something to do with it. The prevalence of licentiousness and drinking could account for it. One thing I have noticed about these folk, they are always converted when the gospel is brought to them directly, and they seem to show more emotion, or what Brother McCoy would call "clearer evidence of conversion," than others. That they are more steadfast, I can not say. Most of those I have known have sooner or later sadly disappointed their best friends. I will call the one above mentioned "Tungwane," as I do not remember his name now, but Tungwane was the name of one about whom a beautiful tract was written and whose career was similar.

He would come a long ways to our meetings, in the darkest nights, by circuitous paths in the jungle, in which it was easy for me with my good eyes to get lost in the day time. Of course day and night were all the same to him. He prayed through and had what Brother McCoy called a very clear witness. I thought it remarkable, as it was not an imitation of Tizora's experience, as was the case with so many of the converts. He testified that the devil threw him down and nearly finished him, but that he managed to escape.

"Was it not a man or some wild beast that you took to be the devil?" I questioned him.

"No," he replied vehemently. "No one with the best of eyes could tell better than I could what had hold of me. It was the devil."

I could believe that he didn't need eyes to tell what had hold of him, for he could call us all by name without touching us or hearing us speak. I believe he could smell us.

After this he died, but when they began to shovel dirt upon his body in the grave where they were burying him, he came to life and told how he had been to hell and had seen the lost souls roasting in the flames; then he was taken away to heaven, where he saw Jesus in such a delectable place that he did not want to leave it. But he was commanded to return to earth and call his friends and warn them against the wrath to come.

There were friends of his to verify the truth of his story as to the trance, but of course, he had to take the post mortem trip alone.

His memory was wonderful. Although he could not read, he soon surpassed all in his knowledge of the catechism and of all that we had printed of the Scriptures. He could retain a sermon and repeat it with greater eloquence than it was given in the first place and there was a sermon in his face while he was speaking.

We helped him, and gave him food and clothes, and he haunted our place for some time after Brother McCoy left us, testifying in the kraals and exhorting. We had such confidence in him that we gave him greater liberties than we did most of our natives. We let him come into our living room for our talks with him. They were very interesting. It was a pleasure to look into his face while he was talking, but Ida Belle complained of missing various articles. At first she suspected our servants. Then she averred that things were missed directly after Tungwane had been in the room. I was loth to believe it. Why should he want to steal from us when we gave him nearly everything he asked for? Then how could a blind man get away with the things without detection? His only dress, generally, was the *muchi*—(breech clout). That he should want to handle things was natural. It was his way of looking and satisfying his curiosity. But when we marked

the disappearance of the very things he had been handling, it was disconcerting.

Finally, as loth as we were to entertain any suspicion against this bright and hopeful convert, we came to the conclusion that it was our duty to watch him. We were sure there was only one possible place for him to conceal anything about his person, that was in his *muchi* behind him. So the next time he came I took up a position in the rear of him while wife talked with him. But I might as well have tried to stalk a deer from the windward side of him. He knew I was there—and nothing was missed that time.

So I tried another plan. I put up a mirror in such a position that it would reveal all that was going on behind him, while we both sat in front of him. That proved his undoing. The mirror gave out no betraying scent. Reflected in the glass was as pretty a piece of legerdemain as I ever witnessed. The only thing I have ever seen to beat it, is a toad catching flies. The fly comes buzzing around the toad's nose and suddenly it is gone while you have seen nothing—ont a wink on the toad's face to show that he had anything to do with the mysterious disappearance.

I saw Tungwane fingering with childish curiosity, a pair of scissors on the stand behind him. Then suddenly while my eyes were fixed right on him, presto! they were gone and there was not a motion to show where they had gone to. I watched him until two or three more articles had disappeared in the same way and he began to talk about going.

"So, you are going now?" I said. "Well, *Hamba kahle* (God speed)." As I clasped his hand in a good-by shake, I did not let it go. I drew him up to me and reaching over behind him drew out of his *muchi* a pair of scissors, a paper of needles, a box of matches and a spool of thread.

"Tungwane!" I exclaimed. "I am astonished. What are all these things?"

He turned his sightless eyes up to me with such an expression of injured innocence that I would have begged his pardon if I hadn't just seen the theft. "My Lord, I swear to heaven I know nothing about them."

"How came they in your *muchi?*"

"I am sure I don't know. Somebody must have put them there."

"Yes, and that somebody was you and it is not the first time either. You have been taking things from us all along."

"No, Mfundisi, I never took anything before. This is the first time and if you will forgive me this time I will never do it again."

"Don't lie. Go home now and bring back all the things you have stolen or never show your head here again."

He went, glad to get off so easily, and I never saw him again until a memorable occasion of which I will tell in another chapter. But I heard he was in the employ of another Board as an evangelist. Did I not inform them of the blind man's taking qualities? I did not know where he was until after he had been in their service some time. If he had not betrayed himself in that time, why should I not give him a chance to retrieve his lost character? I should have thought that Board would have made some enquiry as to an evangelist's past record. I have heard of such commendable comity, but if I have ever known of a case in South Africa, I have forgotten it. What I remember is, rascals not a few, who have been dismissed in disgrace from one Board, being taken on immediately by another Board, without any recommendation or reference. It has sometimes even been done when ignorance of his previous bad record could not have been an excuse.

CHAPTER XXI

RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH

BROTHER McCOY started a station for his Mission Board at some distance from the coast among the Makwakwa that I had visited. He wanted to go among the wildest tribes where there would be plenty of room to expand. I thought this field answered to his specifications. He left us without betraying the least sign of fear, but I think that if he had known what awaited him his cheek would have blanched.

I have known what it is to dwell day in and day out in fear of an attack of savages. I was a cowboy in the Rocky Mountains in my youth. There were seven of us guarding a herd of fourteen hundred head of cattle, in the Sun River valley, within striking distance of the same warlike Sioux who annihilated Custer's army a year later. I have lain all night unable to sleep with the butt of my rifle for a pillow, not knowing what moment I might hear the blood-curdling war whoop and feel the scalp knife encircling my head. But that was restful repose in comparison with what this staunch hero endured every night of his stay on that lonely station. I spent one night with him. It was all I could stand. The savages that were after him were not simply dancing and howling outside, thirsting for his blood. They were inside and all over his person, actually consuming it. They came out of the ground by the thousands that night and swarmed over our bodies and gorged themselves madly on our vitals. "Ooh, Ooh!"

Yet this hero endured it for months and did not go mad—except once. Then he built a fortification round his hut and watched all night with a loaded gun expecting an attack of the Magwaza. No doubt that was a temporary derangement due to the fever, but it was these savages which nightly preyed on him that caused the fever. I have recounted how, on another occasion, I had the fever after one night's experience with these vicious fiends.

I pitied him supremely and invited him to come and see us whenever he felt like it. He accepted the invitation and he evidently felt like it pretty often. I did not blame him. I would have thought a clean soft bed and good nourishing food was the attraction but that I knew he was determined to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.

No; it was no yielding to the weakness of the flesh that drew him to our place so often. He had a mission, a very interesting case, indeed, that he felt called to follow up. Another servant of the Master had been interested in the same case and followed it up to his sorrow. Whether it would be the same with this boy, I had no right to judge. I could only believe that he had an eye single to the glory of God and his one purpose was to help a sister in the divine life.

Never satisfied with past attainments and ever thirsting for the higher Christian life, she turned a willing ear to this earnest brother's experience of sanctification and baptism of the Spirit. It was an experience beyond hers she admitted, and if he could expound the way more accurately she would be glad to have him do her this service. So they had many long talks together. He may have intended them to be private, but she generally managed to have Ida Belle or myself within hearing. So I am able to report what neither would have repeated to me personally.

She did not doubt that a deeper experience than her own was possible and she longed to have it. Why could she not then make it hers? What was keeping her from it? That was what puzzled her.

He was very frank with her. "The fault is certainly yours," he said, "if you realize there is anything lacking, for the promises are yea and amen; even more than we can ask or think. Every vestige of pride, every thought of worldly preferment and sensual pleasure, the dearest idol you have known, all must be laid on the altar. That is what I had to do in regard to eating, or drinking, or personal adornment or anything else. All had to be done for the glory of God."

"I had thought I had done all this," she said tearfully. "You don't know what I have given up for Christ's sake. But I may be deceiving myself. 'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us.' Tell me honestly do you see anything which looks like pride or worldliness in me?"

"To be faithful with you, sister, as you have asked me, I do see in you the roots of deep-seated pride and conformity to the world, which is enough not only to prevent your getting the baptism of the Spirit but to land your soul in hell unless you crucify it even at the cost of being cruel to yourself."

"Oh!" cried she in alarm. "You terrify me. I know I am far from perfect, but I thought I was a Christian. I had a hope in heaven. I never thought I was as bad as that. What can it be?"

"Well, dear sister, bear with me if I seem to be cruel. I speak for the good of your soul. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' Opening a pocket Bible, which he always carried, he read, 'In like manner that women adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness

and sobriety; not with broidered hair or pearls or gold or costly array.' "

As he read with solemn and fervent tones, her cheek reddened with burning blushes; then the color fled and left her pale as an alabaster statue. On one of her delicate fingers she wore a ring with a diamond set in it. It was not a showy ring, although evidently of considerable value. Around her neck was a lace collar fastened beneath her chin by a golden brooch. Her beautiful golden hair which reached to her knees when let down, was coiled becomingly around her head in great braids.

As I have said, I can not ordinarily tell what a woman has on, but with my attention thus called to it, I made sure her dress could not have been called ultra fashionable or expensive. I think I may safely describe it, as novelists usually do, as "Some soft stuff," and of good material; nothing shoddy about it.

"Look at me," she said.

He responded to her invitation and took a good look at her. From her "broidered hair" down to her dainty feet peeping out from the graceful folds of her skirt, she was good to look at.

"I suppose you think I am condemned by every word you have read—the 'broidered hair, the gold and pearls and costly array.' "

"It is not what I think, sister. It is the plain Word of God."

"But don't you see that if I were to do literally what these words enjoin, how singular I would be, utterly unlike anybody else in the world?"

"That's just what the Word says. 'God's people are a peculiar people.' You must be. Present your body a living sacrifice and be not conformed to this world."

"But I don't know of any Christians who do that—

outside of a convent. Are they all lost then? Present company should be excepted, but as you have been so faithful with me, you will not mind my saying that it seems to me that even you do somewhat conform to the world. You spend considerably more for your dress than you need to if you did not follow the fashion in some degree."

It was his turn now to be shocked. He did not expect such a boomerang. "In what way do you mean, sister?"

"Look at the clothes you have on. I do not say you are fashionably or expensively dressed, but you are not clad like a Turk, or a Chinee, or one of the natives here. You have conformed pretty closely to the fashions of your own people, so much so that nobody would take you for any other nationality or race; and it has cost you more money to do this than is at all necessary. You could have your clothes made of skins or bark blankets, and they would be cheaper and more durable. Why don't you do it? Because you would be ashamed to have anyone see you going barefoot and clothed in skins and bark. So far have you conformed to the fashion of this world. Then as to your eating and drinking. You are a total abstainer and do not drink tea, or coffee, nor use tobacco. Still, I notice that you do not disdain to eat and drink things which are not absolutely necessary for your health—in fact, rather the reverse, from the point of view of strict hygiene.

As she paused for breath for a moment he could only stare at her. It really had never occurred to him how inconsistent he was. There was one immediate home thrust, "Perhaps," he said, "you allude to the second piece of cake I took at lunch today?" (He had taken two generous pieces.)

"No, I had nothing particular in mind, but now you have mentioned it, you did not really need it, did you?"

"Hm, ah, well—ah, you see I don't get any cake at home and this cake was very good and——"

"So you took it because you liked it and never thought whether you were going to glorify God or not by eating it. Nevertheless you ate it and I was glad to see you, because I made the cake myself and I like to see my cooking appreciated."

She saw how uncomfortable he was looking and had mercy on him. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to grieve you."

"No, sister. You do not grieve me, but you grieve the Holy Spirit. You must excuse me."

Without another word he rose and retired to his room where soon he could be heard pleading with God for the dear sister who was blinded by the wiles of Satan.

In relating the above incident, let not anyone think that I would deride the earnestness and importunity of a good brother in Christ. He was all that. The world needs such men. It will be some time before we have too many of them. They are the salt of the earth. Nevertheless, if all were like him, the world would be too salty for freshwater folks.

He was a good man, but he was not quite so good as he thought he was. Something I have read by Jonathan Edwards about pride would seem to fit his case pretty well. I quote from memory: "Pride is like an onion. You take one peel off and you will find another under it. So you may keep taking off peel after peel and you will always find another peel below the last until you come to the heart and that is made up of peels."

Brother McCoy had made great changes in his life. From an extremely foppish and vain young man and lover of pleasure, he had become an ascetic, living and dressing very plainly. He did not, however, go as far as some of

the stricter brethren who forego collars and cuffs and a bosom shirt and tie; nor could anyone detect much difference in his dress from the ordinary fashions approved of the world. The Trappist monks with their cowls, and sandals, and hair-cloth cassocks, which it is said they never take off, and their continual fasting and their prayers seven hours a day go far beyond him in nonconformity to the world. Even their clothing, perhaps, might be made of some cheaper material that would answer the purpose just as well.

McCoy's suit was not at all shabby, notwithstanding its plainness, and I noticed that when he came to talk with his fair penitent he was dressed with scrupulous neatness. He must have sent his collars and cuffs to Inhambane to be laundered at considerable expense. I may have been mistaken, but I fancied there was an odor of cologne on his handkerchief. He needed it to efface the ravages of his conflicts with the savages. After seeing him, as I had, in his everyday clothes, one would hardly imagine this spruce and clean-shaven young man who was giving spiritual counsel to a fair inquirer was the same individual. But that day she took a big peel off from his onion and he was destined to have more taken off before he went home to glory. Evidently he did not get the assurance he sought in prayer. His face lost its happy smile. He went without his supper, and left early the next morning for his station.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

WE saw no more of brother McCoy for some months. Miss Hegberg seemed quite worried about him. "I am afraid I offended him," she said, "but I didn't mean to. I could have told him some things about the ring that would have made him think differently of me. Perhaps I ought to have done so, since I don't want to have him think badly of me. However, there is a history about them that I do not like to speak of to anybody and I didn't see that he had any special right to know it. But he is a good boy and I like him. Only I do not look at things quite the same way he does. If I could see him again, I would try to explain matters so he would understand me better."

"I will send him an invitation to visit us again." I said. "It is time he had a few days respite from those savages that stick to him closer than a brother."

But I didn't have a chance to send the invitation. That very day a messenger came in hot haste announcing "*U file, Mfundisi.*" (The master is dead.)

"Dead!" cried my wife.

"Dead! Oh no, it can't be!" exclaimed Miss Hegberg, wringing her hands. "Poor boy, gone so soon!"

"Wait," said I. "That is not what he means. The natives always say they are dead but they may have only fainted, perhaps, or been badly wounded, or even tired out or famished with hunger."

Turning to the messenger I asked, "What do you mean? Is he really dead? Does he no longer hear?" They have no good word for live in our sense of it.

"Yes, he is dead. He shot himself with a gun, but he hears yet. He wants Mfundisi to come quick."

"Oh!" cried Miss Hegberg. "Why did he do such an awful deed? Why? Why? It must be that fever turned his head."

"Calm yourself," said I. "It is probably only an accident and one not nearly as bad as you might think from the native's report. But there is no time to waste talking about it, when he is in danger perhaps of his life. What I have to do is to get there as soon as possible and see what can be done."

"Let me go with you. You know I am a nurse. If he is only wounded and has a chance for his life, I can care for him ever so much better than you can."

"No doubt of that. But how are you to get there? It is fully thirty miles and after you got there you would have to sleep on the ground with the savages. Sorry, but it is unthinkable."

"I will take my hammock along and we can string it up and we will take turns watching and sleeping."

I looked at her—a slender girl, reared with the tenderest care in a house of wealth, never having known any hardship, and for her to propose such a trip! "You are a brave and noble woman," I said. "The spirit you show is to your credit, but you have no true idea of the hardship it means."

"Please, please let me go."

"You know we have only one horse and we must go faster than the boys could go with a mashila."

"But I can walk and keep up. I know I can."

"While I ride? Do you think I would let you do that?

Well, if you are determined to go, I will let you on one condition, and that is that you will ride Billy."

This condition was finally agreed to, and so, equipped with bandages, and lint, and medicaments such as might be needed, and a manilla cord hammock, we set out with Miss Hegberg on the pony. I did not expect, of course that she would walk a step—that was the condition—but when she saw I was looking tired and wet with sweat, she dismounted and would not budge a step until I took a turn in the saddle. Thus this brave girl, by giving me a rest from time to time, enabled us to make more rapid progress and we arrived at sundown—sooner than I expected.

McCoy was yet alive, but the sight of him was enough to make one faint. One side of his face was literally blown away, and he was in the delirium of fever. But our brave-hearted nurse never faltered. With tenderest touches she helped me to cleanse and bathe the wound and apply antiseptics. Then we made him as comfortable as we could on a bed that we rigged up for him.

Enquiring of the natives the cause of the accident, they showed me an old-fashioned muzzle-loading musket with the breech blown out. It appeared that the Mfundisi was selling the gun to a native who was not satisfied with the working of the lock and he was in the act of showing him that there was nothing the matter with it. He had put in a good charge and fired it off with the result before us. I believe the native didn't buy the gun.

It may be wondered why a missionary with his high attainments in the divine life should be selling guns to the natives, a thing which is prohibited with the severest penalties in all the British African territories and has since been stopped by the Portuguese. But we must not be too severe in passing judgment. It was not illegal at the time. In a country abounding in savage beasts and

big game, a gun would be very useful to a native as well as to a white man. All dealing with the tribes of the interior had to be by barter, and a gun was a thing which they would buy in preference to anything else, except perhaps rum.

That is not the best of reasons for selling the natives guns—just because they would pay so well for them—any more than it is a good reason for selling them rum. But it was a reason that would pull hard on one situated as our good brother was, for he had to do some sort of trading for his maintenance. To be sure, he was living on faith and theoretically where you are should not make any difference. The Lord is able to provide in the jungles of Africa as easily as in a city where thousands of tender-hearted people are bound to find it out if you are starving. Only it doesn't work out that way according to my observation.

In the morning we rigged up our hammock on a pole and four stout natives carried the wounded man, the nurse walking by his side most of the way keeping the flies away and moistening his lips parched with the fever. Sometimes he muttered words in his delirium which brought a blush to her cheek, but she said nothing.

Arrived home, we assigned him our best room and bed. He lay there more dead than alive for days. It scarcely seemed possible, indeed, that one so badly wounded could live. But his vigorous young manhood and clean life at length triumphed. The crisis passed and he returned to consciousness. No doubt it was the constant and faithful attendance of his nurse that did more than anything else to help bring about his recovery.

One morning he awoke and his eyes dilated with surprise as he saw her sitting and reading by a work table, her fingers busy with some crochet work. He closed them

wearily almost at once as he spelled out the title of the book—one of Charles Kingley's novels—and saw the character of the work she was doing with her hands. Then he opened his eyes again. His face was so bandaged that he could scarcely speak, but he managed to mumble, "Sister Hegberg."

"Yes, what is it?" She arose quickly and approached his bedside, glad of a sign of returning reason. "What can I do for you?"

"How long have I been here?"

"Oh, not long. Ten days perhaps. Why?"

"Have you been watching at my bed all the time?"

"No, not all the time. I had a native to help me."

"Well, most of the time?"

"I don't know. I haven't kept a record of the time."

"God bless you. 'Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple shall nowise lose his reward.' Some day I am going to tell you something."

"Don't do it—*never*. Be a good boy now and go to sleep so as to get well quickly. It is not good for you to talk yet."

He closed his eyes and was silent. After that, few words passed between them during his rapid convalescence. Finally the great day came that when the nurse was out, he rose from the bed and dressed himself and took a hand mirror out of his bag and had his first look at himself. It was a sight to frighten and make a young child cry that stared back at him. His mouth was screwed around. One side of his face was badly scarred and ridged with the cruel wounds. Though his right eye still retained its sight it was pushed far enough out of place to give him a villainous leer. The glass fell from his hands and shivered to pieces on the floor as he threw himself on the bed and wept like a baby. His nurse came in just then,

and understood the situation at once. Going to him she knelt beside him and, placing her hand gently on his head, planted a sisterly kiss on his forehead.

"Harry, dear brother!" she said affectionately. "It will all make no difference to those who truly love you."

"Will it make no difference to you?" he returned eagerly, seizing her hand.

"No, why should it? We love you for yourself, not for your personal appearance."

"Then I am going to tell you what I said I was going to."

"But I told you you must never tell it to me," she replied, gently withdrawing her hand.

But he held it fast. "Yes, I must. Do you know why I have kept away from here these months? It was because a debate was going on in my mind that I could not settle. Sometimes I thought it was of the Lord that I should ask you to be my wife. Then again I thought it must be of the devil, because you seem to be somewhat vain and worldly. I see you have made no change in your dress. You still wear your jewels, and even since I have been lying here I have seen you reading a novel and doing work which is intended for your personal adornment. Yet you have been so good and kind to me that I can not help feeling somehow that you are good and I have not been happy. The word of God says 'It is not good for man to be alone.' I have felt its force while I have kept myself away from here. Now I feel that you are the helpmate the Lord has provided for me. I have received that assurance in answer to prayer."

"But my dear brother, I have received no such assurance. If it is of the Lord, He ought to tell me as well as you."

"He will, He will if you will only wait on him."

"No, I am sure He never will. I love you and always shall as a dear younger brother in the Lord. But that love which a wife owes her husband, I do not have for you and never can have."

"But dear sister Greta, that love as a sister is all I ask. The carnal love you read about in your novels is of the world. Let us marry and remain as brother and sister. 'He that is determined in his heart to keep his virgin, doeth well.' "

"I am willing to do that. It is just what I want to do. But if we were married and living together, much as I trust and respect you, it would be a temptation too great for you to bear. I would be afraid to put it in your way and I don't know as I would be able to bear it myself. The only safety for us is not to get married."

"But why can't you bring yourself to love me as a faithful wife? The popular idea of matrimonial love as portrayed in the cheap novel is false. The affections are under the control of the will, else how can one be blamed for loving when he ought not to love or for not loving when he ought?"

"Yes, all that may be true, but I see no reason why I ought to love you as a wife. If we were married there would be a reason. The affections may be controlled, but as you may keep your hand out of the fire. But if you will put your hands in the fire, you can not help being burned. I have determined to keep my hands out of the fire. The text you have quoted is just as good for me to use as for you. It might read 'She that is determined to keep her virginity doeth well.' I am four years older than you and such disparity in our ages is not conducive to the happiest marriages."

"Listen, dear sister. I don't require you to put your hands into the fire. Yet hands that are cold can be spread

before a genial blaze and warmed. Come, then, warm your cold hands in the flame of my pure love."

She shook her head, "No, no, it can not be."

I did not overhear this conversation, but I got the gist of it the next day when Miss Hegberg brought a letter for me to read. Naturally I wanted to know what was the occasion of her writing this letter.

CHAPTER XXIII

GRETA HEGBERG'S STORY

I QUITE expected it. It was the most natural thing in the world, and my sympathy was entirely with McCoy. If I had not had a secret hope that it would have turned out differently I might have tried to help them. But I don't know what I could have done. That Harry was bound to fall in love with his gentle nurse was as inevitable as it was impossible for her to be anything but the lovable creature she was. When she brought a letter to me the next morning and asked me to read it, I was very much interested, but hoped it was going to have a different ending. It ran as follows:

"Dear Harry,

I can not blame you for misunderstanding me. Perhaps I am to blame for not telling you before what I am going to tell you now. But it is such a sad, painful story that I have dreaded to refer to it. I would not do so now did it not seem the only way to make you see the hopelessness of your suit. I am writing it out because it touches my heart so deeply that I could not trust my lips to tell it to you. Then, I want our good missionary friends to read it, for I know they are in sympathy with you. I want both you and them to understand me, as I think you will when you know my story.

The ring and the brooch that have disturbed you so much, were given to me as keepsakes by those I loved

more dearly than life itself. I could not retain my peace of mind if I parted with either of them. The brooch was the dying gift of my mother when I was a little girl. The ring was from my affianced husband.

I was the youngest of a noble family in Norway. Until I was seventeen, I was a thoughtless, giddy, worldly girl. Then I was betrothed to a wealthy man some years my senior, belonging to an influential family. I hardly gave the question a thought whether or not I loved him. It was said to be a very good match and my only thought then was to enjoy the pleasures of this world, which this marriage promised in abundance.

The only serious purpose to which I ever gave honest thought was when my mother was about to die. She called me to her bedside and told me, 'My dear child, I am going to leave you. I trust I am going to those mansions which my Savior has gone to prepare. You are young and strong now, but you will have to go too some time, and that time may come sooner than you think—as it has to me. I can not say that my life has been blameless, but I have tried to set a good example, and my dying injunction to you, dear child, is that you will follow me.'

'Oh, mother, mother!' I cried, 'I will follow you. I will try to meet you in that heavenly abode.'

Then she gave me this brooch which has always been an heirloom in the family and asked me to wear it as a reminder of her parting counsel and of my promise. The last words which fell from her lips were 'Follow me.' They were so deeply impressed on my memory that I could never hear them afterward without a thought of my sainted mother and the promise I had made her.

One summer evening as I was sauntering along the streets of our city, I came across a young man preach-

ing on the curb in front of a mission hall. I would have passed on, for these were dissenters and I had been confirmed in the Lutheran State Church. But some words which the preacher uttered caught my ear. 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.'

Involuntarily I paused. It was to me as though God had spoken to remind me of the last words of my mother —'Follow me.' When the preacher invited all inside to the services which would now begin in the hall, I felt irresistibly drawn to go in along with the others. I do not remember much of what the preacher said, only I was deeply impressed with his earnestness. He was very young, hardly more than a boy, and there was that pure and trustful look in his face that painters like to give to the Apostle John at the last supper.

I do not know that it was love at first sight, but he made me realize that I did not love my fiancé; and the more I looked into that pure face the more I disliked to think of the other man. He made me feel that I had not kept the promise I had made my mother. My religion was a sham. I was not really trying either to follow Jesus or to follow my mother to her blessed abode. I had simply learned my catechism and been confirmed; and, just as everyone else in our church did, I had been taking it for granted that I was all right.

At the close of the service, an invitation was given to any one present who wished to begin now to follow Jesus to manifest it by rising. I saw several rise. Something told me to do the same, but I dare not. I went home—and, I cried all night, I believe.

The following night I went to that meeting again. I could not keep away. I went again and again. Finally I rose with others and confessed my Savior and my desire to follow Him wherever He might lead me.

Being the youngest of the family, I was the pet of the household. My father loved me dearly and indulged me in every whim. He was liberal in his views, at least he did not object to my going to these gospel meetings if I could find any good in them. But two other things angered him and turned the whole family against me.

The first of these offenses was my joining the little Baptist church. They were very poor people, not of our social standing. After I had made the start, however, I determined to follow Jesus all the way. It was hard, for I knew how angry our family friends would be and I would sooner have died than offend my father needlessly. Yet I was glad of my resolution. It was as when a pure maiden has given her heart to the man of her choice, she is glad to take his name and be publicly united with him, the more publicly the better. I had now given my whole heart to Jesus. I wanted to be publicly united with Him. I wanted to be buried with Him in baptism. He had set the example by going down into the river, why should I not follow Him in that as in other things?

That was taken as a crucial affront by my father. He said it was doing dishonor to what had been done for me in my infancy. I had been christened according to the custom of the Lutheran Church. I had had no share in that, however, and I claimed the privilege of being baptized on my own faith.

Even if he could have brought himself to forgive this "whim" of mine, as he called it, there was a second offense he could not forgive—that was the breaking of my engagement. It was the prelude to an alliance with a great and wealthy house on which all our family were counting. When my fiancé learned what I had done, he turned furious and blasphemed. He announced

that unless I would give the Baptists up he would have nothing more to do with me.

That was just what I wanted to have him say. I knew I did not love him and I was convinced that it would be the ruin of my soul to be yoked to such an unbeliever. He was a coarse man of the world who was given to drinking and gambling. So our engagement was broken by mutual consent.

After that, I was made to feel very unhappy at home by the ridicule that went on of my church and its minister. They explained it all by saying I was simply infatuated with him. But no word had ever passed between us except in the most formal way as fellow members of the same communion. There was a barrier hard for you Americans to understand between us. We belonged to different classes in society and joining his Church did not mean that I had descended and now belonged to his class. Finally, as a way out, I begged my father to let me go to a college in America in which my uncle was a professor. He readily consented, thinking, perhaps, that it would remove me from the church influences he hated so much. But had he only known it, it put me where those influences would no longer be handicapped by the social barrier that obtained at home.

It was a large co-educational university to which I went, attended by more than two thousand students. Once a day we all met in the great chapel for prayers. The first day, as I sat in the gallery and looked across to where the divinity students sat, my heart gave a great bound, for there right in front of me sat Herman Torson, my minister, whom I supposed I had left behind me in Norway. I could hardly believe it. But he caught my eyes and there was a mutual recognition.

He met me at the door of the chapel as I came out and walked along with me to my uncle's house where I boarded. He wondered what providence had brought me to America. I told him about my uncle.

'Professor Hegberg! Is he then your uncle? He is dean of the Scandinavian department.'

'And you? How do you happen to be here?'

'Why, didn't you know? I was only on a furlough in Norway. I have come back to the seminary for my last year in theology.'

Thus had the Lord brought us together again without any design or forethought on our part. I think we both saw a purpose in it higher than if it had been due to any plan of ours.

'And do you return to the little church in Norway when you have graduated ?' I asked.

'I would like to with all my heart, but God calls me to a more needy field—to the benighted millions in Africa.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'we shall miss you so much.'

He gave me an eager, inquiring look with his wide blue eyes. 'And will you miss me so much?'

He wouldn't have dared to put such a question to me in Norway and there I would have evaded an answer. But under the free skies of America, I spoke right out of my heart. 'I would indeed miss you more than my heart can tell.'

We had come to my uncle's door so there was no more conversation that night. But when he clasped my outstretched hand in parting he gave it a pressure which I felt conveyed more than he could tell in words.

We met frequently after that as friends and yokefellows in the same missionary band. But I saw that he was acting under a restraint and divined the cause of it.

So I gave him to understand that he need not observe the homeland social restrictions but might tell me his whole heart, which he did. He had loved me from the first. But in Norway that was like a child's fancy for the moon. He would not allow himself to think that such a match was feasible. Moreover, he knew of my betrothal and did not hear that it was broken off until the time of his departure. But that did not alter the situation much for him. The paths laid out for our lives were too far apart ever to meet in marriage, and he would not allow himself to think otherwise.

'Even now,' he said, 'I am presuming on your great condescension and Christian charity, in talking to you in this way, for of course we can never be anything more than friends. Even if I dared hope that you could respond to the feeling I have for you, I could neither ask you to leave your high station in life, nor would you try to tempt me from my call.'

'But suppose,' I replied, 'that I have dedicated myself to go wherever I can be the most useful in the service of my Master—and suppose I love you more than I ever have or ever can love anybody else?'

'In that case,' he said, seizing both my hands and planting a kiss on my willing lips, 'as soon as I can prepare a place where we can live together, I will come back after you.'

Thus we became engaged; and he put this ring on my finger. It had been his mother's, an heirloom from her ancestors who were more well to do. As it was near the time of his departure for his field in Zululand, we lived a lifetime in those few remaining days. I look back to it as the one time in my life when my happiness was perfect.

After his departure, I applied myself assiduously to

my studies, and, that I might be the more useful, I took a hospital training course. Though it was a tedious wait in between, his letters were long and very precious when they *did* come, and being fully occupied in my studies the days passed very swiftly.

He had secured a post and was full of enthusiasm for his new work, but he had spells of fever and sometimes a feeling of loneliness would come over him which he could not drive away. 'Oh, if you could be with me!' he would write. 'I would be perfectly happy. But I do not know when I can come for you. The Board can not spare the money now for the long and expensive voyage.'

'Then I will go to him,' I said with determination. I did not know where the money was coming from for my traveling expenses. But it came, quite enough for all my needs, as soon as I was ready to start. So I cabled for him to meet me in Durban.

Oh, how eagerly I looked for him in the crowd on the wharf as our ship drew near! There he was, browned with the African sun and thinned down with fever, but joy beaming in every line of his countenance as it must have been in mine.

I did not care, I threw my arms about his neck before all the crowd of strangers and kissed him again and again. But as we walked up to the mission house nearby, I detected something of sadness in his voice and manner. I had come prepared to be married at once so I might go back with him to his station and begin work without delay. That was the understanding reached between us in our letters. But he told me that now the mission ruled that I must stay in Durban a year and study the language, while he got our home better prepared.

Oh, how I pleaded to go with him! Could I not study the language as well or better among the raw natives? What did I care for a little discomfort if I could be with Herman? I had come out on that understanding and I wanted to have a share also in the preparation of our home, I would disdain a life of comfort in the city while he was isolated on a lonely station, perhaps down with the fever and needing me to nurse him. Somehow, too, I had a presentiment that if I did not go with him, we would never see each other in this world again.

He tried to cheer me up. 'We would study and work very hard and the year would quickly pass. The waiting might be good for both of us. Perhaps we loved each other too much to give our best to our work.' I know that was the thought of the mission force, but I didn't like to hear him say it. As if pure love like ours could interfere with good work!

However, the mission management was inexorable and I had to let him go back without me. The last I saw of him was the waving of his hand out of the window of the car that bore him swiftly away. Then he pointed upward. I suppose he meant it as a message for me and I have been looking that way ever since. But it was also a premonition of his own destiny.

It was a long year of waiting, for he was miles from any postal facilities. At length the time was up and he wrote me a letter teeming with joy. In another week he would be with me. He was glad that he could now bring me to a home much more comfortably fitted out than it would have been if I had returned with him the year before.

I went to meet the train on which he was expected. The smallest fear that he might not be on the train,

was as remote from my thoughts as that the sun might not rise tomorrow. Up and down the platform I went, scrutinizing every face. But he was not on the train. He whom my soul loved I found not. I met the next train only to be more keenly disappointed. When I returned to the Durban mission house, I found the friends assembled looking very solemn and one of them said, 'Sister Hegberg, I want to prepare you for some very sad news.' Looking from one to another I read what was coming in their faces and I shrieked out, 'I know it! He is dead! Oh, why did you not let me go with him?' and I fell to the floor in a dead swoon.

It was a week before they learned the particulars, and a month before they thought it safe to tell them to me.

Herman started to come down as he was expected to do, arriving at St. Lucia Bay just at nightfall, where he attempted to cross a long stretch of water abounding in crocodiles. He was warned of his danger—so great that no native would accompany him—but the lure of his love and the approaching wedding would not let him halt. At a place in the lake where the water was very shallow owing to the receding tide, he had to get out into the water and push the boat, and a crocodile seized him as he was thus wading. He fought bravely. God knows how he must have struggled, for he managed to reach the shore, and sink down on the sand horribly mangled. When he was found the next morning, there was life still in him, but only enough for him to murmur, 'Greta, love. Meet up there,' before he expired.

Do you wonder now, dear brother, why I can not remove this ring or brooch or that my thoughts are ever up there in accord with the pointing of dear Her-

man? So you will never say anything more to me on this subject, will you?"

I took the letter to Harry myself and waited until he had finished reading it, for my heart was with him and I wanted to offer any word of consolation if possible.

He heaved a great sigh as he read the last words and said "Such love is not often found in this world. It is therefore the more precious. God help her to keep it and let me not annoy her any more with my attentions. I will try to be only a brother to her."

In a few days he was able to go back to his work which he was eager to get at now. His baptism of fire had left him a sadder, but a wiser and better man.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BLIND PROPHET

I AM of the firm belief that there never will be a great awakening among these African people until God raises up a great prophet from among themselves, a John the Baptist or an Apostle Paul, bred in their own language and customs. No foreign missionary can ever learn their language perfectly. Still less can he learn how to exorcise the blacker sins in which they are entrenched. He is so different in color, race and habits of life, that it is impossible for the untutored aborigine to understand that all these outward white man differences of clothing and custom form no part of religion and that they may become true Christians without making any changes in many of these respects. The idea that the cumbersome European garments are any physical or moral improvement for the natives of these hot climates, is nonsense. The handkerchief which a Tonga wears around his loins, or a girl knots over her shoulders, is cleaner and healthier and less conducive to evil than the clothes which most missionaries think they ought to wear.

Let us suppose a native really converted and endued with power from on High, dressing and living like the people, knowing their language perfectly and also how to put his finger on their darling sins. I can conceive that he could bring his fellows face to face with the main issue and permit them to interpose no evasion or hindrance to

the wonderful power of the gospel and to the realization of Pentecostal results.

Rumors that such an apostle had already appeared, reached us. Nobody knew anything about where he came from or how he got here. He called himself "Johanese," and he was, we were told, a veritable John the Baptist, preaching repentance and the remission of sins with great power. He claimed to have been struck blind like the Apostle Paul while persecuting the Christians, but unlike the Great Apostle, his sight had not been restored to him as yet.

I first heard of him through brother McCoy, who had met him, and he pronounced him a genuine prophet of God. He traveled about all over the country without a guide, and seemed, indeed, to have second sight. He could tell a man from a woman without a word from either, and could divine and expose the secret sins of the heart. I am not able to vouch for the truth of these stories, but they show what was generally believed of him. Crowds gathered to hear him, and both the raw heathen and the Christian natives stood in the greatest awe of him. I was deeply interested in these reports. I had been praying for just such a native ambassador of the Gospel.

We were at that time preparing for the great annual meeting of all our own mission constituents, and anybody else who cared to come. It was a time of ingathering, something like a camp meeting in America, and continued in session several days. A chief evangelist was selected and secured to speak and conduct the principal meetings. Other speakers of less importance were used to exhort or testify at the minor services.

An invitation had been extended to brother McCoy to act as chief evangelist, and he had accepted it. If I had known in time that this blind prophet would be on the

ground and could have been certain that all that was said of him was true, I would have been glad to choose him. Not that it would have made any difference, as I learned afterwards. He did not come at the call or beck of any man, especially a white man. He only went where the Lord called him, and when he received that call, he would go, whether anybody else wanted him or not.

As the throng which came was too large for any of our buildings to hold them all, a place was prepared in an adjacent grove, which was as good, I suppose, as some of the temples in which the Son of Man preached. A platform was built on which a small table was placed with an empty soap box on top of it for a pulpit. There were a few benches, but most of the people sat on the ground, or on mats which they brought with them as is their custom. It was a great crowd from different stations and missions, together with many outside, unclad heathen. It did me good to see such a host as I remembered how hard it was at first to get even a dozen people to stop their dancing or their drinking feasts to listen to my message.

Just as the opening service of song and prayer was finished, and we had settled ourselves to listen to the message of our chosen evangelist as he rose to speak, something like a thrill of an electric shock went over the whole congregation. The speaker felt it, paused, and looked across the crowd to its outer edge. My eyes followed his and I saw that what was attracting attention was a native entering clad only in long-haired goat skins encircling his loins. He bore a staff with which he felt his way and cleared a passage before him. Everyone made way for him as he marched straight for the pulpit and sat down in front of it. After that, it made very little difference what any preacher had to say. All eyes were fixed

THE MEETING IN THE GROVE

on the newcomer whom I had guessed to be the blind prophet.

The sermon was soon brought to a close. It was no use attempting to go on with it. The word came up to me from some of the leading men, "Would I invite the blind man to speak?" I saw no objection and went to him and spoke to him in Sheetswa. He replied in Zulu that he did not understand me. Then I said to him in Zulu that the people were all anxious to hear him. "Would he now favor them with a message?"

"No," he replied flatly.

"But why? Surely you might gratify us with a few words."

"I tell you no. God has not told me to speak now."

"The people will be very much disappointed, but if you can't speak now will you speak to them in the morning?"

"No. I have no message for the morning meeting."

I confess that I was not prepossessed with these short, almost insolent answers, but I tried to exercise Christian patience and courtesy. "Well then," I continued, "since you have no message for the morning meeting, may I announce to the people a time when they may have the pleasure of listening to your message, for all are impatient to hear you."

"I will speak at this time tomorrow."

"But brother McCoy is appointed to speak at that meeting. It would hardly be courteous to ask him to give way to you."

"I tell you the Lord bids me to speak at that meeting and no other."

I felt like answering him that "The Lord bids me tell you that you are not to speak at all in these meetings." The meeting he had chosen was the principal meeting of the day, at which the appointed evangelist was scheduled

to preach, an occasion for which he had made special preparation. Under those circumstances, I could never have asked him to give way to such a bumptious spirit as this man seemed to show. But McCoy himself was quite willing to step aside, in fact, insisted that the blind prophet should have his place. "It will be best," he said, "for he is the one the people all want to hear."

"I admire your bigness of heart," I said, "but I don't admire the blind man's lack of it, and I don't feel like giving way to him."

"No, brother, you must not feel that way. He gets such clear messages from on High, I can assure you, that to oppose a call which has come to him is to oppose the will of God. Let him speak in my place tomorrow. I will speak at some other meeting."

So I announced that the blind prophet concerning whom all had heard so much would preach at that time tomorrow. Afterward I said to him, "I notice you only speak Zulu. Shall I get an interpreter for you?"

"No, the Holy Spirit is my interpreter."

"But the people here will not understand you. They only know Sheetswa and Tonga."

"That's the Lord's business, not yours."

What was I to do? I felt that a sermon in Zulu to these people without interpretation would be a farce. In my opinion, the first requisite of a true apostle is humility and this quality seemed to be very much wanting in him. However, I was in for it. These crowds of people would have nothing but a message from the famous blind prophet and it had been promised them. I thought some of the men might understand a little, those who had been to the Diamond Fields or the Gold Fields. Then Tizora or I could give the others a résumé afterwards.

At the appointed hour the following day, the place

which had been cleared for the meetings was crowded to its utmost capacity. There must have been upwards of two thousand people. I had no idea there were so many people who were interested in religion in the whole country. Perhaps it was not all interest in religion but partly curiosity to see and hear one about whom so much astonishing was reported. Anyhow there they were, many of them from miles away. I saw my blind convert, Tungwana, whom I had once told never to show his face again until he brought back the things he had stolen. With him were two more blind evangelists attached to different Boards.

The speaker arose and turned his glassy sockets on the crowds as if trying to see them; then as he did no more than solemnly roll them up to the heavens, a visible tremor ran through the multitude before he had spoken a word. He spoke in Zulu, but to my happy disappointment, he used such easy and simple words and repeated them so often that I believe the Batwa, whose dialect is closely akin to the Zulu, understood him better than they would have understood most missionaries. He would not be so intelligible to the Tongas, however, whose Bantu dialect is mixed with Arabic, Portuguese and Indian. But the rolling of his sightless eyes, the expression of his face, his dramatic acting and his great voice which he modulated splendidly from the rolling of thunder at the one extreme to the whispering of the leaves on the trees at the other, all spoke a language which needed no interpreting.

Of course I give his sermon from memory after years have passed, but I do remember it after hundreds of other sermons that I have heard since from the lips of the most famous preachers have now long been forgotten.

"You are near to hell today."

He paused and looked up to the sky, while his lips worked as if he were mutely praying for an inspiration.

He looked round on the crowd, while a silence reigned that could be felt. Then he bellowed out in a voice like a crack of thunder that reverberates from one end of the heavens to the other, "YOU ARE NEAR TO HELL TODAY."

I could almost imagine that people in distant kraals might have heard it and then scanned the sky to see if there were other signs of a storm coming up. As he paused, with more working of his lips, and looked up, I, could see evidences of a sensation going on within already in many dark faces. Next, he reached out his long hands and played his fingers up and down as if feeling around for his audience and whispered, "You are near to hell today."

From that time the crowd was completely hypnotized. Now, he jumped back and struck his soap box pulpit a blow that split the top board and shouted "YOU ARE NEAR TO HELL TODAY. Why? There are three blind preachers here and I make the fourth."

What the presence of four blind preachers had to do with nearness of the congregation to the everlasting flames, I haven't the slightest idea. Nevertheless his awful truth was working powerfully in the minds of his hearers as he went on.

"I was at Nutamba and preached to a great meeting there. Many were converted. There were no blind preachers there; but there are three blind preachers here—and I make the fourth. You are near to hell today.

"I was at Bileni and preached to the great chief. Many were convicted and cried for their sins; but there were not three blind preachers there as there are here—and I make the fourth. You are near to hell today."

Thus he went on for fully fifteen minutes telling where he had been preaching and ringing the changes on the three

blind preachers and ending with the refrain, "You are near to hell today!"

He was still going on with this recital when some one burst out in a shriek, and the outbreak of cries and groans that followed from a thousand hysterical people—above which his powerful voice could not be heard—compelled him to stop. Once he knocked the soap box clear off into the crowd and he had to pause for he could not go on without something to pound on. I would have thought this would have touched the sense of humor in a fun-loving people, but not a ghost of a smile was to be seen in all that vast crowd, for all the time its tension was working up to the breaking point. People were weaving backward and forwards through the seated masses of their fellows and wringing their hands while tears flowed down over their cheeks as he pronounced those awful words, "You are near to hell today."

After a young girl in Christian garb uttered a single wild shriek and fell prostrate, it sounded as if they had already arrived at the place the preacher was proclaiming. Such a welter of groaning, and shrieking, and yelling followed as is impossible to describe.

"This," I said to myself "is the wildest fanaticism and must be stopped."

That was easier said than done. It had passed beyond the control of ordinary mortals. I shouted in the preacher's ears, "This won't do."

"Keep still," he snapped. "It is of God and you must not put your hand on the ark."

He sat down and rested a few minutes. He had to have a breathing spell, for sweat was streaming from his every pore. After he had regained his wind, he calmly rose and putting a police whistle to his mouth which hung by a cord around his neck, sounded a shrill blast. Immediately

all was as still as a Quaker's meeting. I never saw anything like it. The people were completely under the control of the blind prophet.

Thus he kept on for two hours, using nothing like a connected discourse. It was simply a series of solemn injunctions against their fetishes, and hemp horns, and drinking, and licentiousness, interspersed with invitations and adjurations to come right up and confess their sins and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. If they did not he would send them right down to hell.

Such fearful denunciation I have never heard in my life from a preacher. Actually, he seemed to curse the people "as one having authority." He would thunder invectives for a time, and when his voice was drowned by the response he had invoked, he would stop and take a rest. As soon as he had recovered full breath, his whistle would restore order and he would go on again. Finally, his sermon came to an end and he asked all who had sins to confess to come forward and confess them to him.

CHAPTER XXV

PENTECOSTAL PHENOMENA

WE read of some very wonderful things which happened in the Levant in the early days of the Christian Church. Some very wonderful things happened in the early days of Christianity in this part of the Dark Continent. Were they the same product of the same forces in these latter days as in the times of the Apostles? I shall not answer the question. I shall try to describe faithfully what I have seen with my own eyes, and leave the reader to form his own opinion.

So many responded to the blind prophet's summons to come forward and confess their sins, that I thought all the congregation were coming, and there was not room enough for them around the platform. They were crowding each other so that I did not see how it was possible to do anything with or for them. Assuming that the blind man was unaware of the confusion, I told him of it and suggested the propriety of dismissing all but the penitents, as then there would be more room to work. He as much as told me to mind my own business, that he was running that show. When he wanted my advice he would ask for it. After that, I stood off one side and watched.

Call it Divine power or call it witchcraft, I was astonished at the mind-reading ability of this totally unlettered negro. He sometimes made mistakes, or what seemed to me to be mistakes. He may have had a better source of information than I did, and so the mistakes have been

mine. But the guesses he made (if they were guesses) were marvelous. In many cases he seemed to know beforehand what a given penitent was going to confess.

I saw Tungwana approach trembling like a leaf and knowing what a thief he was, I was interested and drew near to hear what he would say. The prophet didn't wait for him to begin his story. "Don't come near me, you child of Satan. Go take those things back you stole from your missionary. If you don't do it right away the devil will have you on his spit. Next."

He would not parley or pause a moment. There was no time for it. Just as soon as he had pronounced his judgment he would turn to the next culprit. But he was so harsh only with those he thought were insincere. With others he was tender and compassionate and would sometimes pray for them earnestly and soothingly.

I saw an old Tonga woman come up whom I will call "Salukazi," as I have forgotten her name. She had evidently gathered something of what was said in condemnation of snuff taking, to which most of the old women were addicted. She could easily have sensed it without understanding a word, for the preacher acted out the custom as he did in all such cases. She understood that it must be given up if she wanted to be saved, but she loved it more than her immortal soul. She acknowledged it was a filthy habit and she expected to be free from it in heaven, but she would never be free from it while she remained in the flesh.

"What does she say?" asked the preacher. I interpreted for him.

"She will never give it up while she remains in the flesh? I say she will. Let us pray. O God, thou hearest what this poor sinner says. 'She will never give up the filthy habit while she remains in the flesh.' She can't do it be-

cause she is bound with the chains of habit. But you can break those chains. Do it, Lord. Release her from her thralldom. Change her appetite. Make her so snuff will taste bad to her; then she will hate it and won't want it any more. Next."

If she had been able to understand Zulu, I might see how this prayer might have some direct effect. But the Zulu was perfectly unintelligible to these old Tonga women, I had found. I was therefore curious to know what the after effect of this prayer would be. If my own experience with the tobacco appetite was a safe criterion, it is not taken away by prayer. So I kept track of the case.

The sins confessed ran the gamut all the way from the most trifling things up to the most awful crimes, deserving imprisonment and even capital punishment. One Tonga youth confessed to eating eggs, another, to eating a whole hen—articles of diet which are tabooed by the Tonga young men. Two boys confessed to killing cats. Three of my former work boys confessed to stealing hatchets from me when they left my service. That was something more like confession of a genuine sin; I had lost about twenty hatchets. The question was, would they bring them back as the preacher had commanded? Another youth confessed to stealing a pair of trousers, and still another to a debt for money he had borrowed of a neighbor. I thought the latter was one of the most remarkable confessions I had ever heard from a native. "Now," I said, "if he pays that debt I will no longer have any doubt of latter day miracles."

Cases of adultery and lewdness were too numerous to mention. There was one case of incest, a very rare thing among the natives. One young woman who came forward was struck dumb. She could only point to her brother-in-law, a leader in the native church. Not until the prophet

told her what her sin was and called down the judgment of God on them both if they did not repent, was she able to speak. A young man confessed to murder and robbery, and a second murder of another native. A young woman confessed to infanticide.

Among the hundreds I noticed a young girl, who came sidling up to the platform, evidently with great reluctance and yet not able to resist the impulse that was drawing her. She held her head down so I could not see her face and she spoke in Tonga so low that I could not clearly understand all she said. Then I caught a few words that startled me. They were something to the effect that she was in love with a white man. Tizora was interpreting for her and I saw him gazing at her with intense interest. I looked again and then I surmised something. It was Pakete. She withdrew as soon as the prophet would let her go, and disappeared in the crowd. As soon as I could get to Tizora I questioned him, "What did Pakete say about a white man? Who was it?"

"Father, don't ask me. I can not tell you."

"Did she say he had wronged her?"

He would not answer, but there was a hard, vengeful look in his face that I had never seen before. I became very much concerned about him.

That an emotional crowd of negroes should be brought to confess all the sins they had ever committed and some they had never committed is no great subject of wonder. But I have not come to the remarkable part of my story, the things which surpassed all previous experience—except what is written of the day of Pentecost, or the revival at Ephesus, when the people burnt books worth fifty thousand pieces of silver.

The meeting continued all night and until evening of the next day. It was impossible to carry out the program

as it had been pre-arranged. It was a case of "laissez faire." Speakers who had been appointed to preach at the different meetings didn't want to speak. Nobody would have listened to them; there was but one prophet for them all.

Even brother McCoy was carried away along with the natives. He went down into the congregation of kneeling suppliants and became a "seeker"—for what I did not know. He had already outrun by several degrees the spiritual attainments of the rest of us; so I could not see what else there was for him to seek. But after one of the seasons of prayer, when all were praying at the same time, and making such a din that one might wonder whether the Almighty could make anything out of it—no mortal man could—he leaped up and shouted, his face beaming with joy, "Praise the Lord! I've got it! I've got it! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!"

"What have you got now?" I asked.

"Oh, the fire. The refining fire that purifieth the sons of Levi."

"But I thought you had been sanctified by faith and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

"Yes, I had, but inbred sin had not been entirely eradicated from me. I was still selfish and proud and thought too much of my good looks, until I was made homely by an accident. It was of the Lord, but I rebelled against His chastening—until tonight. Now the refining fire has burned up all the roots of bitterness. I felt it distinctly while I was praying. It went through me like a charge of electricity. Now there is no more sin left in me, nor anything left for sin to get hold of."

I did not stay all night. It was too much for me. I stayed long enough, however, to witness some other remarkable manifestations. A strong man fell to the earth,

and groaned, and foamed at the mouth, apparently in great agony. A big fat woman got up and pranced around singing and praising God, showing her joy by embracing all who came near her to make her keep her place. One young man barked like a monkey, climbed up a tree and ran out on an overhanging branch, which might have been strong enough to hold up a monkey, but, too weak for this man ape, it bent down and deposited him in the midst of a bunch of girls, whom he attempted to hug. But they fled from him, squealing.

Whatever it was, it was contagious. I felt that I could join in myself, and sing and shout with the loudest, but I knew it was entirely physical as far as I was personally concerned. There was no more in it for me than there would have been in a glass of whiskey, nor would its effect last any longer.

Now comes the remarkable part of my story, the part that I can not explain. I was awakened early the next morning by a call from Tungwana. He had come, with the things he had stolen, to beg my pardon. There was a pocket knife, a hairbrush with a glass on the back of it, several spools of thread, some plated spoons and a case knife. He said that was all he had taken except the matches and cakes and these he had consumed. He was followed by five of my former work boys who had brought back the hatchets they had stolen.

I went out to the meeting place that next morning, and there a marvelous sight met my eyes. The people who had made confession had gone home in the night and returned with the things they had renounced. There they lay in a great heap before the pulpit which they regarded as an altar. There were cigars, pipes, hemp horns and snuff boxes: love philters, witch medicines and fetishes; an elephant's tusk used as an idol; beerpots, native stills,

drums, tomtoms and other things in a multitude that beggars description.

The man who owed the debt returned with money enough and paid it in full before all. That was the *ne plus ultra* in my experience, but there was one thing, if possible, still more remarkable. It was old Salukazi, who vowed she would never give up her snuff while she remained in the flesh. She came and brought her snuff box and laid it on the heap and made this remarkable testimony, "When I went home after I had vowed I would never give up snuff while I remained in the flesh, I went to take a pinch of snuff out of my box and I found it did not taste good. I thought something bad had got into my snuff box. So I went to a neighbor to borrow some of hers. She had just ground some nice and fresh. It looked good, but when I went to take a pinch in my fingers, something came into my heart to tell me it was bad and I threw it away. I have not been able to take any since."

I kept track of that woman, and according to the reports of all her neighbors, she never touched it again up to the day of her death some three years later.

There are yet many living witnesses in Natal who will recognize the above as a true and faithful description of what occurred in many meetings of this blind preacher. They say the account he gave of his previous life is true. He was a witch doctor, he said, and while engaged in preparing a love philter for a Christian girl who rejected him, he was suddenly struck blind. He was a changed man from that time on, and began to preach with wonderful power. Discounting much that was pure fanaticism, there is abundant responsible testimony of good and lasting results from his preaching. Many who were skeptical and went to hear him from mere curiosity, became convinced of his sincerity and that he was doing good. Mis-

sionaries, and Christian colonists generally, encouraged him, until the confessions of a number of his female penitents showed that he was not to be trusted alone with women.

But he continued to draw crowds and preach to the raw heathen. Whether he had anything to do with fomenting the rebellion which occurred a year or two later, in which thousands of natives, before it was finally stamped out, were slaughtered, I do not know. He was arrested and convicted of preaching sedition, however, and banished to Swaziland.

CHAPTER XXVI

WE LOSE TIZORA

A SIGN painter might paint a tree with no knots on it; an artist never would. It would be lacking in the contrasts to be found in a real tree. Tizora was a real tree. There were knots on him. In that respect, he was not different from other native converts. I have never known a very bright and promising convert who did not sooner or later woefully disappoint his spiritual fathers. I once heard one of our oldest missionaries say that he could never repose his fullest confidence in a convert until after he had fallen and been restored.

Tizora did not enter into the spirit of the revival at all. Especially was this true after he heard Pakete's confession. I noticed how he seemed to stand off one side after that and regard the whole proceeding with the air of a hostile critic. He said nothing, but I saw that something had gone wrong with him.

A few days after the meetings it was reported to me that a girl was standing outside of our compound who would not go away. I knew the custom of the native girls which they call "*ukuma*," (to stand). It gives them a privilege, not accorded to their white sisters, *i.e.* to choose their mates. Why should they not have it as well as most of the animal creation? So when I asked what the girl wanted and I was told "We don't know," I suspected the truth. But I wondered who could be the chosen one in our family. If I had been a native chief, or

a man of substance, I might have ascribed the honor to myself even though I already had wives by the dozen. But I was not a native. I could not be the one. Who, then, could it be?

When I came out, I found a well-dressed native girl leaning on a stalk of imfe, a rather weak support to lean upon which ought to have appealed to any chivalrous young man. With her were two smaller girls in civilized garb. Her head was turned away so that I did not recognize her at first.

"What do you want?" I asked. She only hung her head, but the other girls answered, "She has come to *gana* (marry)."

"Whom does she want?"

The girl turned her head towards me and gave me a beseeching look and I read the answer in her eyes. It was Pakete and she wanted Tizora.

The custom is generally condemned by the missionaries. In some missions a girl is disciplined for practicing it. It is said to involve impurity. There is doubtless danger of it. But I do not know that it is inevitable. At any rate I am not so quick to condemn all native customs that are different from ours as I used to be. Why did the Savior give any countenance to wine drinking at a marriage feast? I think it was because of the danger that religion would, then, be mistaken for a change of custom instead of a change of heart. But all missionaries condemn this particular custom as wrong. What was I to do? These girls had come twenty-five miles through unfriendly tribes to get here. I could not send them away that night. It would be exposing them to serious peril.

"Why does she want to *gana* with Tizora?" I asked. "Does she love him?"

'PAKETE'S WOOING'

"Yes."

"But she confessed a sinful love to another."

"It is true, but she has repented. She only loves Tizora now."

"But this is wrong. She should not come here to woo him."

"Why is it wrong? You say it was wrong for her to love another when she first loved him. Now that she has repented, is it not right for her to come back and confess her sin to him whom she has wronged?"

It was an apology which forestalled the chief objections I had to make. I could only answer it with "We think it is a shame for a maiden to woo a young man. No pure girl would do that."

"We do not think so. If the young man does not come to her what shall she do?"

"She should stay at home and be a good, decent girl."

"Then she might never get a husband."

"Well, suppose she never gets a husband, she can live and be a good, decent girl without a husband, can't she?"

"No, Mfundisi. Not with us, if she is old enough to have a husband."

I got some idea of what a native's idea of a woman without a husband is, in my search for the word for virgin. I thought of taking the word for unmarried female, as that is the real meaning of the Hebrew word which is translated virgin in the Bible. I question whether the Jews meant by "*almah*" what we mean by a pure virgin. But there is no question in a native African's mind as to what a woman without a husband must be. Again there is an excuse for a native girl which her white sister does not have. She is not under the restraint of fear of refusal. The white girl may find her lover already engaged to another. That will ordinarily make no difference to

the native girl. The heart of a native swain is like an omnibus. It always has room for one more, and the native girl is not so selfish as to want to monopolize all of his affection.

Turning the matter over in my mind, it seemed to me that this girl's case differed in some respects from the ordinary custom. These two were once lovers and I suspected the reason for Tizora's strange actions recently was the jealousy that had been aroused by Pakete's confession. Perhaps he was waiting for the personal confession which she had now come to make. So I ventured to seem to sanction a heathen custom by calling Tizora and telling him that his girl was out there and wanted to see him.

"My girl!" he snapped in reply. "I have no girl."

"Why it's Pakete, you know."

"No, I don't know any girl of mine by the name of Pakete."

"Come now, Tizora. You are talking nonsense. You love Pakete. You know you do."

"No, Mfundisi. It is not so."

"You surely did love her once."

"It may be so, but I do not love her now."

"Why? What has changed your mind? She loves you. Though she did wrong, she has now repented and a blessing was hers in the meetings."

"I don't want a girl that can love a white man. What would you think if your girl should fall in love with a black man? Would you take her for a wife?"

"But that is different."

"Yes, that is what you white folks think. You can not imagine that under a black skin there is any such feeling as you have. You class us all in with beasts, and not as people at all. You come out here and when you prosti-

tute our girls by the thousands, you seem to wonder that we don't like it. But when one in a thousand of us is tempted by a white woman, you raise a great cry of 'Black peril.' You talk about this crime as though it were the black man only who was guilty. That is not so. It is the white man who makes this mixture of races. As you hate a white girl's loving a black man, know you that we hate a black girl's loving a white man just like that, and if we had the power, as you have, we would be just as severe against it."

"Tizora, what you say is true, I have to acknowledge with shame for my race. But why waste words on a matter which I do not deny or excuse. The question is, what are you going to do about this girl who has come to confess her sin to you? Are you going to be cruel and unjust to her because many white men have acted so to your girls? Can you not forgive her as you would be forgiven? You know the time when they brought the woman taken in adultery to the Savior and asked him what should be done with her. What did he tell them?"

"But Mfundisi, you told us that story was not in the oldest writings."

"Well, if it is not it ought to be, for it is like Jesus, and you want to be like Jesus."

"I don't know. I thought I wanted to be like Jesus once. But Jesus was a white man. I am black. Can a leopard change his spots or an Ethiopian his skin? I could as easily change my skin as love a girl who yields to a white man's lust."

All this was a revelation to me. As he had said, I could not realize that the feelings of a black man would correspond in any degree with a white man's in like circumstances. But apparently they do. This is only one of many evidences in the experience of a lifetime that a

native black man is "a man for a' that." Under the black man's skin lives pretty much the same sort of man as under the white skin of the Caucasian. Set them down in the same circumstances, or environment or conditions and they will pan out about the same. A white man born and brought up in a Zulu kraal will have the thoughts and feelings of a Zulu until and unless he has had a chance to learn something else. So were a Zulu infant reared with all the advantages and culture of white children, he could not be told from his white brother except for the color of his skin. Examples in evidence are not wanting.*

That is not to say that all native lovers would have acted as Tizora did—or that all white lovers would either. There is no telling what a jealous lover will do. "There are three things which are too wonderful for me. Yea four things that I know not; the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a ship at sea, the way of a serpent on a rock and the way of a man with a maid."

Othello, insane with jealousy, could murder his innocent wife. The green-eyed monster had snatched away our dusky diamond and left nothing but a lump of black coal in its place. If Tizora had been disposed to show any mercy or to display any disposition to forgive, he should have sent the girl home after a few days with a valuable present, and this would have constituted a betrothal in regular order. But he would not even see her.

I do not know of any disgrace which a native African girl would feel more keenly than to be rejected as Pakete was. Except that she was truly converted and well taught to abhor self-destruction she would never have gone home alive, I believe. I had to take her in with her companions and keep them all night. In the morning I sent them off weeping to their homes.

*See Appendix B.

What of Tizora, of whom we had such bright hopes that he would be a jewel in the Master's crown? He was simply possessed. "Having been once enlightened and tasted the good Word of God and then fallen away," his heart was hardened by it and set him against all of us. He was listless and careless over his work. When he came back from the bushes where he went frequently, I saw by the look in his eyes and the disorder of his clothes that he had not gone there for prayer as was his former wont, but that he had been at his hemp horn again. Not only did he set my counsels and entreaties at naught, but he was rude and almost insulting to Miss Hegberg, who pleaded with him as a faithful sister to behave better.

When his month was up he drew his pay and asked leave to go home. I let him go. There was nothing else to do. I could not make good use of him in the state of mind he was in. We said good-by to him with a prayer that he might come back a different man. But a month passed without our seeing anything of him. Another month and then we heard news of him that cut us to the heart more than if we had heard of his death. He had gone into the service of a Banian trader at Inhambane and was drinking and gambling; and when another girl came to him to *ukuma* he took her in according to the native custom, and she was not a good girl. We held a special season of prayer for him and I took a trip to Inhambane to learn the truth and see if anything could be done for him.

It was a fallen man I found. I plead with him, "What devil has possessed you that you have sunk back to this? Have you forgotten all the lessons that you learned with us? Think of the blessed Redeemer who died for you and whom you promised to try to imitate."

"No, Mfundisi, I have not forgotten those lessons, but I have learned others since."

Then he went on and I was amazed at all the objections to Christianity that he had picked up so soon. He found flaws in the Bible. I might have thought he had been reading Thomas Paine or Robert Ingersoll, but that I knew it could not be. They were all things he had noticed himself in our work together on the Bible. But his chief objection was the multiplicity of different sects and religions, each claiming to be the only true way of salvation. I had taught him one thing, and McCoy another, and Troughton another. He had since come in contact with Catholic priests, and Mohammedans, and Buddhists, and each of them had different ways of salvation but agreed in condemning all the others. I could hardly wonder at or blame him for his confusion. I have been troubled that way myself and I think almost anyone might be who thinks much. But it was evident to me that the chief trouble with Tizora lay in his heart and not in his head. His heart had been hardened by jealousy and it forced his bright intellect to find an excuse in the multiplicity of beliefs. An idea came to me which I thought worth while to offer him.

"I see your perplexity," I said. "I have had it myself. You think because there are so many conflicting beliefs, they all must be false, or that one is as good at any rate as another. Therefore it does not make much difference what you believe. Now suppose I can show you one simple principle, which all accept who hold these conflicting opinions."

"Do you mean to tell me there is such a thing?"

"Yes, there is. What would you say of it?"

"I would say that is the thing I will believe."

"Well, here it is: 'What doth the Lord thy God require

of thee, but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?' I do not know of any one, whatever his professed belief, who does not approve of that principle. You say you will believe it. Will you do it? Are you doing it now?"

He only looked at me in silence without replying. I saw that I had driven a shaft home between the joints of the armor. Still, I had little hope of him until his heart was softened. How that was to come about I could not then conceive. It did come however, and soon.

CHAPTER XXVII

WE LOSE MISS HEGBERG, BUT RECOVER TIZORA

I TURNED my steps homeward from Inhambane with great heaviness of heart. It is said that troubles never come singly. When I reached home I found Ida Belle and all of our people plunged in grief and apprehension. Our saintly sister, the companion and helper to us all, was lost in the boundless African jungle. She was gone and nobody knew what had become of her. One of our girls had asked to go home to see a sick sister and Miss Hegberg had volunteered to go with her. When they had seen the sick one the girl had begged to stay a little while longer, and Greta had started to walk home alone, trusting the girl to overtake her.

The girl had not been long behind her mistress and had run, expecting soon to come up with her. She had kept on and had been surprised when she had got home not to find her there. Then she had run back to Shebengu's kraal which was about half way back to the sick girl's kraal, and had enquired. Nobody at that kraal had seen anything of her. Search had been made for her all night, by our people and by natives from the neighboring kraals. Our goatherd had seen her near Shebengu's, and a print of her shoe was found there in the sand. But so many goats, chickens, and people had tracked over the ground since that all further traces of her trail had been obliterated.

That there was reason for the gravest alarm, need not

be said. The great bush or jungle, on the edge of which we were living, extended without a break to the Limpopo River more than a hundred miles away. There were native paths through it, but they were crossed by so many game paths that it was very easy to get led astray. I shuddered to think of that defenseless girl spending the night alone in a jungle which abounded in savage beasts. No traces of lions had lately been seen near our house, but a few miles away, there were tracks enough of them, and there were plenty of leopards, and hyenas, and wild dogs, and baboons, which, though not so bold in the daytime, would be about as catastrophic to an unprotected woman in the night. I had once seen a man with one side of his face bitten off by a hyena which had found him asleep, or drunk perhaps, outside of his hut. I also saw a babe with an arm horribly mangled by one of those ravenous beasts, and it had been done while the baby lay in the arms of its sleeping mother. Its life was only saved by the mother's awakening and calling another woman, who came and helped her to drive the beast off.

Had our friend, whom we had come to love so dearly, lost her way in this jungle? If so, little hope could be cherished then of our ever seeing her alive again. There was only one other horrible possibility. Those last traces of her were found near Shebengu's kraal. While we felt that the majority of the natives were harmless enough and many had come to have great love and respect for the "*senyorana*," as they called her, that could not be said of quite all. There were exceptions. There was a Banian trader at Shebengu's kraal, and a native still which manufactured a villainous liquor. It was the home, too, of the witch doctor, and there were blood-curdling stories afloat concerning the practices of these witch doctors. Among the Zulus they have the name of "*Nsweleboya*" (one who

wants hair) or as we might say, "One who is looking for scalps." There is no telling what these people might do when crazed by the *Aguardente*.

At all events, I felt that it was a case for the authorities to take up and I sent to Inhambane for police, whom I entreated to lose no time in getting on to the ground. They came with their usual expeditiousness, and the lost one had been gone three days before they appeared. Tizora came a whole day in advance of the police. He had been one of those to hear the news from our messenger and he did not hesitate a minute to come and join in the search. I could see he was deeply affected and of a different spirit altogether from that which he had when I saw him last.

"Mfundisi," he said, "I have come to help find Senyorana and confess to her. I was not just to her. She was gentle, and good, and taught me mercy. But I would not listen. Oh, that I may find her and beg her pardon!"

But her case seemed hopeless. Whether she was lost in the jungle or done to death or worse by the heathen, probably we would never see her again. I thought of others, including Attorney General Labuchere, who had disappeared in the wilds of Africa without leaving the slightest trace as to what had become of them. But I was glad to see the change in Tizora and encouraged him in prosecuting the search as much as I could. Contrary to my supposition, he said that she must have strayed off her trail on one of the game paths.

"In that case," I said, "she has been devoured long ago."

"It may be, but let us ask God to keep her until we find her. Don't you believe in prayer?"

"Yes, I do and we have not ceased to pray for her."

"Well, let us pray again."

So we prayed together, and his earnestness was a re-

buke to my weakness of faith. It was like Jacob wrestling with God, or the widow beseeching to be avenged of her adversary. It made no difference to him that in all probability the lost one was long past praying for. Why should it, as long as he did not know it? The Eternal to whom all time is present could prepare the answer before the prayer was made, and He did it that time.

"Now let me take Fido," he said. "God has heard our prayers and we are going to find her."

The dog followed him out as if aware of his commission and eager to fulfill it. Instead of going to Shebengu's where our search had always started, he took a wide sweep fully a mile away from the kraal. To do this he had to creep through dense thickets of brambles and vines, through which a dog could scarcely make its way. I followed him until I got so entangled in the wild vines that I thought it a question whether I would ever get out again if I went any further. I saw no use of seeking her thus where it would be impossible for a woman to creep and have any clothes left on her back; so I turned home again.

It was three days before we saw or heard anything more from him. In the meantime the Portuguese officer came with three policemen and search was made all about Shebengu's kraal and every inmate was examined. I offered a reward of ten milreis to any one who would bring us tidings of the lost one. The officer developed a strong suspicion of the witch doctor, but he could get no reliable evidence; so he gave it up and returned to town.

At the end of the third day after Tizora had started on his search, Fido came trotting into the house with a strip of banana leaf tied to his collar. I looked at it and found written on it with a burnt stick.

"She found. We come bymby."

So quickly did the glad tidings spread that in less than

half an hour fully three hundred people had gathered at our place to learn the particulars.

"Where was she? Who found her? When would she reach here?" were questions that surged about in our minds. We were not long left in suspense. The announcement was soon made that a big crowd of people was approaching. "They must be bringing the senyorana—was she dead or alive?" We could not stand and wait for them to come up to us. We ran to meet them and as they drew near we saw that some one in the midst of the crowd was being carried on a mashila. A panic seized us, "It is her corpse," we whispered and rushed to the side of the stretcher.

No. She was not dead yet, but oh, how near it! It scarcely seemed possible for her to live. She was scratched and bleeding and her clothes were in shreds. She was barely conscious, but she feebly smiled as Ida Belle raised her head and kissed her.

Tizora told us how he found her with Fido's help. Taking a wide detour he ran on to her trail at a point where it had not been obliterated. He followed it easily for some distance, though it was in places obscured by tracks of hyenas which were evidently in pursuit. Finally near the close of the second day he came upon the object of his search where she had fallen in a faint. It would have proved her last resting place, for hyenas were prowling about only waiting for darkness to give them courage to pounce upon her body. He carried her on his back to the nearest kraal, where they stayed all night, and the next morning rigged up the mashila with which they brought her home.

She was so very low that I thought it best not to question her or allow her to speak until she had a chance to get better. After she had rested awhile, she called us to

her bedside. I said, "You must not talk now. Wait until morning and you are fully rested."

"No," she said, "I must tell you now, for I shall not be here in the morning. Do not weep for me. Herman calls me and I must go to him. I would be glad to stay, for you have all been so good to me. But we have been separated for a long time. Now at last we are to be united where there will be no parting."

"It is delirium," I thought, but she seemed to be rational enough as she went on.

"You wonder how I came to get lost. It was nobody's fault but mine. As I came near Shebengu's, I heard a cry in the bushes which I thought was a child in distress. So I ran to see what was the matter. But when I got to the spot where I thought the cry had come from, I heard it still on beyond; so I ran on and on as the cry kept calling from a spot on ahead. Finally I heard it right over my head. Then I knew it was a bush baby. I don't know why I didn't think of that before, but the cry sounded so human that I had come a long way in before I discovered my mistake.

Soon after I turned to go back I came to a fork in the path and I was in doubt which one I had used on the way in. It was getting so dark in the jungle that I couldn't recognize my tracks any longer. I didn't look very closely, as I heard what I took to be human beings talking off in the direction traveled by one of the paths, so I took that path. But the voices kept changing direction. Sometimes they were on one side of the path and sometimes on the other. When I heard them right overhead and caught the flutter of wings I knew that I was deceived again. It was all the work of one of those green parrots.

"I would have gone back then, but when I turned the

fiery eyes of a fierce beast confronted me in the path. My heart stood still with terror. I dare not go that way. But I was too frightened and weak to run. I walked on ahead again and the beast followed me. When I stopped and looked at him, he would stand and glare at me. Once I screamed as loud as I could, but it frightened me more than it did him. The very effort made me nervous. So I did not try it again.

Finally, as it was getting quite dark and the beast was edging in closer and closer to me, I came to a great flat crown tree. I knew not whether it, too, could climb a tree, but it seemed my only hope of safety. It proved easy to climb and I soon mounted to the highest branches. I found I was thus safe for the present from attack, but the beast set up a plaintive cry which brought several more and they kept walking around the tree and howling all night long. Oh, the terror of that night! Sometimes I think I nearly lost my reason."

"There, Greta. You must not talk any more now. It is too much for you," said Ida Belle, trying to calm her, for she was shaking with the memory of her terrible experience.

"No, no. Do let me finish. Towards morning a new terror confronted me. I heard a rustling in the branches of a neighboring tree from which a huge beast sprang right on to the branch on which I was sitting and came along directly towards me. His great eyes flashing upon me caused me to shriek with terror. At the sound, he spit like a great cat and leaped down to the ground almost on top of the hyenas, which put them all to flight, and I saw and heard no more of them that night.

"But I dare not descend, and I could not sleep where I was in the tree. As there were a number of flat crown trees with wide spreading branches near each other, I

crawled along the branches from one tree to another until I got a long way from the tree I was in first before I came down. I thought I might in this way throw the hyenas off the scent so that they would not find my trail."

"That's where we lost the trail," interrupted Tizora, "and it took us some time to pick it up again. Fido insisted you were up in the tree."

"Nevertheless, the beasts found me again before night and I had to climb far up in a tree again, while they kept watch and howled around its roots. Next morning I was very faint from hunger and thirst. But not a sign of water or edible fruit had I found thus far in this vast wilderness: Once I came to a great boaba tree and as I remembered hearing that water is preserved in the hollows of these giant trees, I looked for it and was rejoiced to see it glistening down in the dark cavity. How was I to get it? I found the shell of the *makwakwa* fruit (nux vomica). With my penknife I cut a stick and with a strip of bark tied the shell onto the stick. With this dipper I brought up a shell full of water for which my throat was burning. Eagerly I put it to my mouth, but there in the cup lay a great milliped that had been long dead and was crumbling to pieces. Though half mad with thirst, I threw it away and went wearily on.

"I do not know how far I had gone after that disappointment, when suddenly Herman stood before me. You look astonished and incredulous. But it was so. It was my sweetheart, Herman Torson, for whom I have waited so long. He took me by the hand and kissed me on the lips. I was not astonished and did not even ask him how he came there. I only said, 'I heard you were dead.'

" 'But you see I am not,' he said. 'Come, they are waiting for us,' and he took me by the arm. Then I looked and

I saw a wide, beautifully paved avenue, bordered on each side by very lovely roses. A magnificent carriage drove up, drawn by four white horses bedecked with gay ribbons. The carriage stopped and Herman opened the door and asked me to get in.

" 'What! just as I am in these tattered and torn clothes?'

" 'Yes, just as you are. The bridal robe is ready for you.'

"Then we got into the carriage and were driven up to a grand and beautiful church, where we found a great host of people gathered to greet us. As the carriage stopped at the door, four beautiful bridesmaids came up carrying baskets of flowers and a trousseau, beautiful beyond my wildest dreams. I don't know how it was done, but I found myself enrobed and prepared for the altar. Then as we started up the aisle, the most beautiful and soul-entrancing music I ever heard suddenly burst forth. I don't know whether it was an organ, or an orchestra, or a chorus of angels all in harmony. Then it all faded away. The next I knew was that dear faithful Tizora was carrying me.

"You may think this only delirium or a dream, but I know it was a real vision of my beloved. He is calling me. Would you then detain me? Lay my worn out body under the acacia tree, beside little Stella.

"Only one word with you, Tizora, before I go. Pakete. Be merciful to her as you would have mercy."

"Oh, Senyorana!" he cried. "Don't tell *me* to be merciful. Tell *her*. It is I who need to be forgiven. I have been unjust and cruel. The devil got into my heart. But your love has cast him out."

"I see it. Thank God. Now I need not ask you if you will do right. You will go at once and confess to her and

ask her pardon. She did wrong, but she has sincerely repented. Your sin was greater than hers, as her temptation was so much greater and she is not so well instructed. But it is all right now. I will bid you all good night as I am very tired and sleepy now; we will talk it over in the morning."

I wondered if she had forgotten saying to us she would not be here in the morning, but when the morning came and I looked at her beautiful face and lips that would never speak again, I thought she must have meant that glorious morning yet to come when we shall all awake to die no more.

More than a thousand people came to see the Senyorana, whom they had learned to love like a sister or mother, laid away under the acacia tree where her body still sleeps, but her soul, I believe, has long been with her mate from whom she had been so cruelly separated.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE BLACK KNIGHT

THE change wrought in Tizora was profound. His rescue of Miss Hegberg was the work of a hero. His subsequent conduct was the behavior of a true knight. He lost no time in beginning to look up Pakete. But there his restored faith was subjected to a great test. Bitterly did he repent of his folly and hardness of heart. Pakete was not at her father's kraal, Rosé had taken her away. By the native code, sanctioned by the colonial law, a wife must be *lobolaed*, that is, paid for. But in the British colonies she is not allowed to be treated as property, that is, theoretically. She cannot be taken for a debt. In the Portuguese provinces she is property in every respect and can be attached for the debts of her parent or guardian—in other words, her owner.

Though Rosé had been forced to suspend paying his attentions to Pakete for a time, he had not forgotten her. The punishment he had received from Angelasi had added the impulse of revenge to his passion for her. Now that her lover had rejected her, it would be easy to get a legal hold on her. It was only necessary for him to induce a Banian trader to allow her father to run up a bigger debt than he could pay, and then buy the account and press for payment. When he did so, there were no assets in old Dambuza's name to meet his claim but this girl. Only the day before Tizora's arrival an officer had come with a writ of attachment and carried her away to her purchaser.

If Tizora had been sorry and blamed himself before, he was driven to desperation now. By refusing to be betrothed to her, as he might have been, he had not only disgraced her, but he had deprived himself of the right of appeal to a legal process by which he could have saved her, and thus had left her at the mercy of this brute. As his affianced wife he would have had the right to pay the debt himself and save her. Now he was too late.

He was not to be prevented, however, from seeing Pakete and fulfilling his promise to confess to her the wrong he had done. Would she pardon him now? Would she even see him? He could hardly blame her if she would not. Perhaps she could not if she would. At any rate, he would give her the chance to do so if possible. He would do the little that might be done towards reparation. But what specific thing could he do? He might contract his services to pay the Banian's account, but from what he knew of the Portuguese officials and the law that was a vain hope, unless he had some one of influence to take the matter up and intercede for him. To go back to his missionary would mean two or three days' delay and he dreaded to leave Pakete in the hands of her ruthless master a single hour while there was the remotest possibility of freeing her. What should he do? He threw himself on his knees and prayed as he had never prayed before.

"O God, I have sinned and I accept my deserved chastisement. But spare her who is more sinned against than sinning. Let her not suffer for my waywardness. What can I do now to save her? Show me this moment. What shall I do? Make it plain to me. The only thing I can see is to go right back to my Mfundisi and get his help, but thou seest my doubt and fear. Is that the thing for me to do or not? Tell me, Lord. Tell me now."

Such faith had he that he stopped and listened for the

answer as if he expected it to come straight from Heaven. It came, Divinely sent no doubt, but not direct from the skies. It was the sound of the creaking of rusty pulleys as the lateen sail was being hoisted on a launch moored near by. He looked up and saw that it was that of a Banian trader just starting for Inhambane. In less than two minutes he was aboard of the launch. If the wind had been a little stronger or if he had been one minute later, he would not have succeeded in reaching the launch. As it was he had to wade in water up to his waist before he caught it—just as the wind was filling the sail.

With a favorable wind and tide, they were at Inhambane by nightfall. At the first scrape of the launch on the sandy shore, Tizora leaped into the water and started to wade ashore. A porter whom he knew, coming out to the launch greeted him with, "Have you heard the news?"

"News? What news?"

"War! Gungunyana is coming with twenty thousand Amagwaza. Every available man is being conscripted to go out to meet him. You will have to go, of course, for you have had training. You would better march straight up to the recruiting office and report for duty. You can't get out of it."

What did this mean? He thought he had come under Divine guidance. Was it God or the devil who had led him down here—if he was to be conscripted—so that it would be impossible for him to help his loved one or even see her? Oh, why did he not go back to his Mfundisi as he had thought of doing? He knew his missionary would be willing to do all in his power to help him and possibly he could accomplish something. His reflections were cut short by the sound of an approaching squad of soldiers. It was already dark, but the military and police were still

prowling about looking for recruits. This was not the first time he had contrived to elude the vigilance of search officers. He knew all the lanes and byways by which the police could be given the slip.

Carefully avoiding the canteens and public places, he skirted the edge of the town, making for the native quarters and the hut which was all he ever knew of a home. He did not enter at once, for he heard voices and loud talking inside. Then the door of the hut was opened. As he stepped back into the black darkness under a cashew tree, there emerged from the door three native soldiers followed by a Portuguese officer. The latter gave an order in a voice which Tizora had full and sufficient reason to remember. At the sound of it, he fell flat to the ground, but he clutched the stick he carried and grated his teeth as he watched the retreating figure. It was Rosé.

As soon as the party disappeared he sprang to his feet and ran to the door of the hut and peered through a crack. There was nobody inside but the old woman he called mother.

"Ma," he whispered through the crack. "Open."

He was recognized, the door was quickly opened and he entered. Looking carefully around he asked, "Are you alone?"

"All alone now, my son."

"Where is Chali?"

"She has gone."

"Good! Praise the Lord!"

The old woman looked at him with astonishment. "But she has taken the ten pieces of cloth and six handkerchiefs you left."

"Better still, for now I shall not be troubled with her any more."

"Are you so rich then my son, that you can rejoice at the robbery of your goods like that?" she asked in amazement.

"Yes, if by that means I can get rid of an impedient that would be a curse to me. I don't want her. I never did want her. It was the devil that tempted me to take her in out of spite. Now I am glad she is gone."

"Well, you had better go too and lose no time about it. Sergeant Rosé has just been here looking for you, and he will be back again. He is bound to have you."

"And I am bound he will never get me alive. But tell me, what is this rumor about war with Gungunyana?"

"I know nothing, my son, more than is in everybody's mouth. They say that Umzila is dead and that his son Gungunyana has sent down to the Governor demanding the white horse that was promised him?"

"White horse!" exclaimed Tizora with astonishment.

"Yes. That is what they say. A white horse. Why are you so astonished, my son?"

"Because, do you know the only white horse in the country is my Mfundisi's Billy. But what did the Governor say?"

"He said he had no white horse, and he had never promised Gungunyana a white horse. 'Tell your king' he said to the messenger, 'if he wants the white horse, come and get him.' Now they say he is coming with a great army of Amagwaza, one ten times as strong as we can possibly raise. They will massacre us all except what women and children they want for the king's kraal."

This was indeed dreadful news for there were only two companies of regular infantry in the place. A native contingent of three thousand, armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets could possibly be raised, but what would a force of that size made up of the cowardly Tongas

be against an onrush of trained Zulu stabbers with their long-bladed assegais? The little Portuguese army would be annihilated at the first onset, and that would leave the whole country at the mercy of the invaders.

Tizora, however, quieted the alarm of his mother. "Have no fear for yourself, my mother. They will never be able to get boats enough to cross the bay and attack the fortifications mounted with cannons. You are safe enough here, but Mfundisi dwells right in the track of the enemy and he has the white horse they are after. Oh, why did I not go to him? But I thought God told me to come here." It occurred to him then, why he had come.

"Do you know, mother of mine, that Sergeant Rosé has taken Pakete and brought her here to Inhambane?"

"Yes, my son, I heard about it. But she is not here. He has taken her to Rat Island. But what are you doing now, my son?"

As she uttered those words, Tizora dropped on his knees.

"I am only thanking God for answered prayer. He told me to come here, but I had begun to doubt. Now I know why He directed me to come here. So, now, good-by mother. I am going and I don't know when I shall see you again. But you need not be afraid. The Manguni will not come here. You are perfectly safe."

CHAPTER XXIX

A HEROIC RESCUE

WITHOUT another word, the resolute lover started out of the door. While his mother was speaking, a desperate plan of a rescue flashed through his mind. Rosé was here in town and Pakete was in Rat Island. Only a mile of shallow water separated her from him. He could wade it when the tide was out. It was a different undertaking now for the tide was in. Oh, if he only had a boat! Off he ran down to the beach looking for one. There were plenty of them there, but they were all too big for one man to handle. No! There was one, and he uttered another prayer of thanksgiving. It was our mission boat, the Indui. There were no sails or oars in it, but there was a big sculling oar in one of the launches. In his hands that was nearly as good as two oars.

It took but a minute to get it and push off the boat, for the flood tide bore it up. He had no compunction about taking it though he had to wrench the staple out by which the boat was locked to a stake. His was a case of necessity which knows no law. He would be back again before the missionary would want it. In less than fifteen minutes the keel of that boat grated on the sand under the overhanging palms of Rat Island.

The village on the island contained some fifty huts. Which one of them sheltered his loved one he had no idea, and it would not do to show himself and make inquiries. There was scarcely less danger here, indeed, of being cap-

tured by soldiers on the look-out for a recruit than at Inhambane. Rosé himself would not remain away long. The dogs would give warning if he approached too near the village and no mercy was shown to prowlers in the night, as has been made plain.

While he was meditating what he ought to do, he heard the measured dip of the oars of an approaching boat. Hastily he concealed himself behind a mangrove bush and watched to find out who it might be. There were three men in the boat, an officer and two rowers. As the boat touched the beach the rowers got out and one of them started to carry his master in the usual way on his shoulders. The other followed with a heavy basket. Tizora noticed that they left both pairs of oars in the boat.

As the officer ordered his servant to let him down, Tizora recognized the voice as that of Rosé. He was evidently drunk and had come to the island to finish his debauch. Staggering up the path towards the village he passed within a dozen feet of our rescuer on his knees behind a bush, praying from his heart an agonizing prayer for help and guidance. "O God, if thou hast led me thus far, teach me what I can yet do."

Tall cocoanut palms thickly cover the island and overhang the village. Brought up as Tizora had been among the palms, it was an easy thing for him to swarm up one of them without attracting the dogs, while their attention was taken up with the newcomers from the boat. Notches are cut in the trunk of the tree for foothold for the climbers who go up by means of a band wrapped round the tree to gather sap or throw down nuts. That Tizora easily supplied by using his belt for that purpose. Soon he lay concealed in the spreading fronds of a great palm from which he could see without being seen, especially at night.

Men could be seen sitting round a fire of palm leaf stems, roasting cashew nuts and drinking palm wine. The rowers from the boat joined them, while Rosé staggered off to one of the huts. Tizora watched this hut like a hawk with straining eyes. For a long time he waited without seeing or hearing anything. The fire outside burned low and the men, getting boozy and sleepy, sprawled beside it.

Suddenly muffled screams and the sound of blows issued from the hut which Rosé had entered. One of the men roused up and listened, but sank down again when the noise subsided. The other men did not move, too drunk, perhaps, to have heard. Soon again blood-curdling screams pierced the night air and out from the hut rushed a girl followed by a drunken man, whip in hand, shouting, "Stop her! Catch her!"

The men leaped up and pursued, but the fleet-footed girl eluded them once she reached the shadow of the bushes. Doubling on her track, she passed close to the tree in which Tizora was concealed. Meantime, her pursuers were groping in the opposite direction.

Tizora quickly descended in order to follow her. He could see nothing in the pitchy darkness under the trees. He only ran in the direction he supposed she had taken. That brought him out onto the beach. Thinking he must have passed her he retraced his steps. She must be somewhere near, so he whispered softly, "Pakete, Pakete." There was no answer. He listened intently, but could hear no sound save the barking of the dogs and the shouting from the other end of the island where the men were searching for her.

Hark! What was that? A choking cry of agony, and quite near. He was off in the direction of the sound, groping about on the ground frantically, calling as loudly

as he dared, "Pakete! Pakete!" Then the strangled cry came again out of the air right above him. He leaped up and stretched out his hands to feel what might be there. They came in contact with warm, quivering flesh. It was Pakete hanging to the limb of a tree as her gallows. Quickly he lifted her weight off the cord and with trembling fingers loosened it from her neck. She fell over on his shoulder unconscious.

Was she dead? He did not know, but he ran with her body to the boat and laid her in it. He could hear the searchers coming his way again now. If they caught sight of him even after he had got a good start, they would soon overtake him with only a sculling oar. He thought of the oars which he had seen them leave in the other boat. It took him only a minute to get a pair. But that was too long, for they saw him just as he was getting into the boat and challenged him. His only answer was to shove the boat off into deeper water and jump into it. But the alarm had been given. Rosé came rushing up with his natives and called loudly on him to halt.

Tizora with the oars in the rowlocks now crouched in time to dodge a bullet which whizzed above him. Then he gave the oars a pull that sent the boat spinning out into the receding tide.

"Into the boat and give chase!" roared the infuriated officer. But carrying out that order took a little time. There was fumbling around and swearing as search went on for a pair of oars which could not be found. This gave the fugitive and his unconscious burden time to get a good start. Still the advantage was with the pursuers; for with a skilled helmsman it made little difference whether his two rowers pulled with one oar each or two; they could make better time than one man with no helmsman and a load to carry. They would doubtless have over-

taken the fugitives in a short time if they had not previously indulged too freely in palm wine. As it was, it was an even race for some distance; then Tizora, harassed with anxiety for the girl he had rescued, on perceiving signs of returning consciousness, stopped sculling long enough to raise her up. That allowed his pursuers to make an appreciable gain. Seeing this, Rosé spurred them on to increase their efforts. Tizora was so preoccupied with the awakening girl that he did not notice how fast they were gaining on him.

"Where am I? Who are you?" she asked as she sat up and stared wildly around.

"You are with me, child of mine, and we are fleeing for safety."

Then he uttered an exclamation of horror as he saw how close his pursuers were. She saw it too. Though she could not quite comprehend the situation, she recognized Rosé's voice urging on his men and it charged her body with energy as an electric current charges a battery.

"Give me an oar," she cried. "I can row."

"No, little one. You are not strong enough for that yet, but if you can take the tiller and steer, it will help almost as much." Final escape now seemed almost impossible; but with Pakete at the helm once more they were holding their own, at the expense, however, of the utmost of the fugitive rower's strength. He could not possibly keep up his lead long against two strong men. By this time, the ebbing tide was running out fast and they were crossing wide shallow flats. The outcome of the race hinged on the tide falling so fast that it would leave both boats aground, or water enough would remain to float them into the main channel. In either case Tizora and Pakete would be captured unless they hit on a way to

dodge or baffle their pursuers. Such a bit of strategy now occurred to Tizora.

A long bar separated them from the main channel. If there remained water enough for them all to pass over the bar, there was scarcely a possibility of escape, but opposite Gikuki there was a narrow passage through the bar known to Tizora which he was going to take chances would not be known by his pursuers. He had hunted clams and crabs all over these flats from childhood, and could almost find this channel blindfolded. While he was silently imploring divine aid in this extremity, a slight grating of sand was heard under the keel. "Praise God!" he uttered.

"Why?" asked Pakete in astonishment, "when they are so close upon us."

"It is answer to prayer. Turn to the right a little now and steer for the bright star you see to left of the lighthouse."

A minute later he asked, "Do you see some fish stakes to the right of us?"

"Yes, we are right on them now."

"Good! Now turn square to the left and steer straight for Gikuki. You know where it is, among the palms below the flag staff."

As he spoke, he backed with his right and took a strong sweep with his left oar and the boat turned almost a square corner, and went racing through the narrow passage at increased speed under the pull of the suck of the outflowing tide.

As he hoped and prayed, his pursuers did not know the key to this move. Seeing what an apparent advantage it was, they turned to cut across the corner. They discovered their mistake when it was too late, for their boat

stuck fast on the bar. Rosé ordered his men out to work it off, but the bar was wider there than he supposed. Had he followed in the wake of the fugitives, there would still have been a chance of overtaking them. Before his men had shoved his boat two lengths, however, Tizora and Pakete were in the main channel with the aid of a four mile current to speed them on their way.

Rosé shouted and fired a couple of shots from his revolver. But it was pretty safe for any one a hundred yards in front of his gun, especially in the night. Seeing the futility of further pursuit, he ordered a retreat and his oarsmen turned the boat back to the tune of Portuguese cursing, while Tizora dropped his oars and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," in a voice so loud and clear that Rosé recognized it and exhausted his remaining vocabulary of curses as he emptied his revolver of its remaining cartridges.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Tizora. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and the river Kishon swept them away," as the swift outgoing tide carried his boat along without use of oars.

He was called to earth from his pinnacle of exultation by a word from Pakete. "Thank God, we are saved, and it is to you I owe my life."

"No, it is to God and nobody else. He sent me. If He had not heard my prayer and showed me what to do, I never would have come. Now let me never doubt Him again."

"And if you had not come and taken me down, where would I have been?"

"Don't mention it. I can not bear to think of it. Why did you do it? How could you, so soon after your escape

"Yes, I was afraid. If I had not been afraid of such a out of the clutches of the villain? Were you not afraid?"

deed I never would have left Makodweni alive after you rejected me. They say it is wicked to take one's own life. I don't know where it says so in the Bible. But it is written that the other great sin against my body will disinherit me from Heaven. So it was either one thing or the other."

He reached out his hand and caught hers and drew her to his side as he sat in the center of the boat. He had come a long way to make a confession and ask her pardon, but no words were needed on either side. As he put his arms around her he discovered the thin garment on her back was stiffened with blood.

"*Sidhlova!*" (savage) he rasped between clenched teeth. "Did he *sjambok* you so hard?"

"Yes, he did last night because I would not submit to his attack, and fought him. Then I saw that I must either die or submit at last and I said I would die. So I managed to get hold of a piece of cord that had been twisted for a boat line and in the morning I slipped out to the tree where you found me. But I could not do it then. I was afraid and I went back to the hut, leaving the cord there tied to the limb of the tree. But to-night, I was desperate. He tied me and beat me while he smothered my screams. Then I lied to him. I said if he would let me loose he might do anything to me. Then I took him off his guard and slipped out of his clutches and ran out of the door of the hut. I managed to throw the men and dogs off my track by turning back in the darkness. I don't know that I would have had the courage to do it even when I came to the tree, if I had not heard somebody following me; so I didn't stop to think."

"I see, but it was your friend and savior who was following you. So do we often flee from our Savior, when it is He alone who can save us."

"True," she affirmed as she nestled closer to his side. "Oh, if we could only believe Him always in the dark just the same as in the light, how much trouble it would save us. But are we even now entirely out of the darkness? Where are we going? Is there any place of safety to be found? If you take me to my father's kraal will not Rosé come after me at once and take me away again?"

"No, as long as the war is on, he will be otherwise occupied. But when the Manguni have left the country, as they will leave it when they have gathered all the spoil they can carry away; then, unless God opens a way, I do not see how we shall escape. I will be transported never to return and you——"

"And I will finish what I started to do this night. There will be no one then to rescue me."

"No, do not say that. Have we not just been talking about trusting God in the dark? Where is our faith? Has God saved us so far to fool us at last? No, let us believe Him. Now for Dambuza's kraal. We will have to pull hard as the tide is against us going up the branch."

"Let me row," she said, picking up the oars. "You have done your part. You must rest now."

An ideal hero should have refused to let her take the oars out of his hands. But a native Tonga's ideas of heroism are different. If he were on land he would be a funny man if he did not let his wife carry all the burdens and a baby too, if she had one, while he walked at ease. He offered no objection now, and she being quite recovered and a good rower sent the boat along at a good speed.

It was growing light as they drew near the beach by Dambuza's. What was the sound that was borne to their ears? It was not the wind, for it was perfectly calm; nor the tide lapping against the shore. What was it? It was

a confused rumble like the noise of a great multitude. As they drew near they saw an innumerable horde of people thronging the beach. Some were embarking in launches and big log dugouts; others, distracted, were begging to be taken aboard.

"What is it?" whispered Pakete, trembling with fear.

"It must be fugitives from before Gunganyana's army. We dare not approach any nearer."

"Then what shall we do?"

"I don't know. If we could get up to Makodweni, Mfundisi might help us. But I don't see how to get by all of these hordes of fugitives. The only thing I can think of is to make a dash for the big swamp and hide for a while."

"And then what?"

"I don't know. God will show us."

They had no time to lose, for they were in momentary danger of being discovered and compelled to turn back to Inhambane with a boat load of fugitives. Being now well rested, Tizora took the oars and with vigorous pulls sent the boat along towards the swamp which borders both sides of the Fervela River. The tide had turned again and was with them now. So they made good time and soon passed the outer fringe of mangrove trees. The sound of an approaching boat, however, made them turn out of the main channel.

The swamp extended far up the river even beyond the old pole bridge where I once had such a narrow escape from the Manguni. There it was not more than a half mile wide, but here it was three or four miles from edge to edge, and there was an interminable network of passages all through its flats, where one might hide securely for a long time. I had had an experience myself in trying to explore it, wading out in water up to my waist and

getting a dose of fever from it. If I had not had a native with me I might never have got out again.

Tizora, in telling me his story, gave me a graphic description of a dry place above high tide that he found. I didn't know there was such an oasis in the swamp and I doubt if many others ever heard of it, so it was a very secure place to hide. Here the boat was tied to a tree when the fugitives landed.

It mattered not that the strip of slimy mud between the boat and the dry spot was alive with creeping things. They thought nothing of walking with bare feet on a carpet of crawling crabs, and shrimps, and wiggling sand worms, as unconcernedly as we would walk on a soft Brussels carpet. If they happened to kick up a white crab, or clam, or oyster, they would take it along for breakfast. The one other thing they needed most now was fresh water. But when the tide went out and they slipped down to the main channel they found the water of the river was fresh.

As soon as it was dark they ventured down to the mission station at Mongwe. Pakete stayed in the boat while her companion climbed the hill and reconnoitered. Soon he returned, saying he had found nobody at home. The native village on the beach was also deserted, as well as the home of the Portuguese settler near by. All had fled. So the enemy must be very near, but as yet no signs of him had been seen or heard by them.

For food there was no lack. In the gardens of the mission was the sweet mandioc with its long roots, which have the flavor of a chestnut when roasted. Then there were sweet potatoes, mangoes, pineapples, peanuts, cashew nuts and fruit. They spent the night on the mission premises with well filled stomachs and were thinking of passing over to Joko in the morning.

But at daybreak they were awakened by a bugle call, which sent them scudding to their boat. They barely got into the cover of the mangrove trees in time to escape discovery by the advance guard of the Portuguese army which had sallied out to meet Gungunyana.

From the branches of a mangrove tree they watched the army cross over the ferriage at Mongwe. They then betook themselves again to their hiding place for it was dangerous at present to show themselves outside the swamp. There would be patrols about. Many natives would be following up the army to look after the property they had left behind in their flight. For five days the fugitives kept to their hiding place, only slipping out in the dusk of early morning or the twilight of evening long enough to get food and water.

CHAPTER XXX

THE MAN AS WE LEFT HIM

WHILE these two fugitives are still in hiding, the reader shall be told of our own fortunes. At the first rumor of the approaching enemy our people had become excited, and when they saw fugitives in hundreds passing our doors they were in a panic. I had seen so many stampedes before which turned out later to be foolish alarms that I could hardly believe this one to be anything more serious, and I tried to restrain them. But it was no use. I had to let them go. That meant that we had to go too. There was no time to pack or to carry away any of our household goods with us. We left behind all of our furniture, the printing press and type, my library and my stock of medicines.

We had not heard that Gungunyana was coming after the white horse. When I did hear about it afterwards, of course I understood that this was *my* horse, the one which had escaped from them as has been told after the Manguni warriors had started to take him to the King. It had been my intention to take Billy with me to the King and leave him as a present in the hope that I could thus get a concession to establish a mission in his country. But now, of course, it was too late.

We took Billy with us in our flight. Ida Belle rode him. But when we got to Mongwe we were met by an officer with a note from the General requesting my horse for his use on the march. That request meant that he would

GIKUKI

take him anyhow if I didn't let him go cheerfully. He paid me about half what the horse cost me in Natal and said that if there was anything more to pay I could send in my bill. But that was all I ever saw of my money or my horse, nor did I get another cent for him.

On the fourth day after Tizora and Pakete had hidden themselves in the swamp they were awakened early in the morning by the rolling of thunder in the north, and they wondered what they would do for shelter if it should rain. But there were no other signs of shower all day. In the evening as they stole out again for water and food, a man came running towards them across the sand which the tide had left bare. Fearful of capture they jumped into the boat and pushed off into deep water. But the man called to them to take him across to Mongwe as he was wounded and suffering. They hesitated, as it might be only a ruse to get the advantage of them. But they allowed him to come near enough to see for themselves that there was something serious the matter with him.

"Let us take him in." implored Pakete. "See, he bleeds and is ready to fall."

As she spoke, the man stumbled and fell with a despairing cry. They could not resist such an appeal. Tizora jumped out and wading to shore ran to the help of the man, while Pakete brought the boat up nearer to land. Her companion supported the fallen man along until he reached and slumped down in the boat, where he fainted quite away. They looked up; they saw others coming in the distance, but they dare not run any further risk. So Tizora took the oars and rowed hard for the swamp, while Pakete ministered to the wounded man. She found he had an assegai wound in his right side; not necessarily mortal, but his last spurt had been too much for him.

They took to their hiding place and bound up his wound

and made him as comfortable as they could. After he had rested and partaken of some food, he told them of the disaster that had come upon the Portuguese Army. It had fallen into an ambush of the Manguni early that morning and been utterly routed.

"Then that was the 'thunder' we heard this morning," said Pakete.

"You ought to have had no trouble hearing it," he continued, "there was noise enough. Why our general was so foolish may seem strange, but scouts reported that the Manguni were encamped in a valley ahead and we were ordered up *kumpondo zamkomo* ('As-soon-as-the-cows'-horns-can-be-seen,' that is, at daybreak) to go and surprise them.

"But they were going to do the same thing to us, and they saw the cows' horns earlier than we did. So instead of our surprising them they surprised us! Before we thought we were anywhere near them, they were right in among us stabbing right and left. The general gave the order to fire but that was the last word we heard from him. A club knocked him from his horse and two or three assagais pierced him when he reached the ground. Sergeant Rosé jumped onto the horse and fled and I followed him. But somebody else was following him closer than I was. It was so dark that it was hard to distinguish between friend and foe, and I did not see who his pursuer was until he caught the horse by the tail. Rosé turned and tried to shoot him with his revolver. But the other was too quick for him and stabbed him to death. I aimed my gun, but I had not reloaded it after firing. Perhaps he knew it. At any rate, he didn't try to dodge. He threw his assagai at me and caught me in the side, and I thought I was finished, for I saw him coming for me with another weapon. But he turned aside to catch the horse which had

started to run away. I managed to creep away into the bushes, and throwing away my gun I ran until I got here."

Our two friends listened to this terrible tale with profound amazement and dread. "Then our army is beaten," they cried.

"Beaten. Wiped out. Finished!" he said with a significant gesture, wiping his mouth with the ends of his fingers.

"And the Manguni! They will come on and kill us all?"

"They will come as soon as they have feasted and eaten *muti* (medicine for the slain) and they will kill all they find."

"They will hardly find us here," said Tizora. "They have no boat, and if they could get one they would not be likely to use it for exploring the swamp. They will find enough booty without that."

Nevertheless, he could not repress a feeling of doubt and dread as Pakete easily perceived.

By this time the country would be overrun by the victorious army; the savages, intoxicated by the taste of blood, would be killing and capturing. The safest place they knew was right here in the fastness of the great swamp. But of course even here there was a chance of their discovery in the enemy's pursuit of fugitives who might try to hide here. Terror settled upon them such as one feels on a sinking ship or in an earthquake.

Now, to increase their fears, the sound of yells and shrieks, and smoke which they knew must be from a burning village was wafted over the swamp. Then right near them there was an agonizing cry, followed by a sound as of a body falling into the water. As they held their breaths in dread suspense a dark object came floating along in the sluggish current. Tizora drew it ashore with an oar and found it to be the body of a Tonga boy, stabbed

through the heart. He was quite dead, but the body was still warm. He let it fall back into the water with a shudder and huddled down with Pakete, waiting for the cover of the night.

The night air in the swamp was chilly, but they dare not build a fire. The wounded man lay in the boat, while they two drew together for warmth on the ground under the cover of their bark blankets. The bottom of a mine could not be darker than the night in the heart of a mangrove swamp. Nothing could be seen. They could only sit and listen to the many sounds which the night brought to their ears. Carousing was to be heard in a distant village. The Manguni were celebrating their victory with the fermented cashew juice or palm wine. Suddenly a terrific roar burst out close at hand. It was the same uproar as that which had once caused Ida Belle to jump and shriek in terror. But it had rather a soothing effect upon their ears in comparison with some of the other noises heard by them.

"Only a sea cow," said Tizora. "Don't be afraid. He will not harm us." Then he sat up listening.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Hush! Did you hear anything?"

"No; what is it?"

"It sounded like the boat moving away.

"*Mgane!*" (Friend)—he called to the wounded man. "*Mgane!*"—a little louder. Still no answer. Then he rose to his feet.

"Don't leave me," cried Pakete, clinging to him. He clasped her hand and together they groped their way to where the boat was moored. There was no boat there. They probed up and down and called as loudly as they dared. There was no sound but the echo of their voices returned by the trees. The wounded man had gone with

their boat! They stood questioning. What did it mean? If the Manguni did not discover them now, this soldier would give information, and the Portuguese would search for them as soon as the Manguni were gone.

"We must leave this place at once," said Tizora.

"But how can we go now? The boat is gone and whither shall we go? Where can we find a more secure place of safety?" questioned the girl.

"The tide will soon be out and we can wade to land. I think it is out enough now to make a start."

"What! Right now? The water is up to our waists."

"We will find it shallower as we get near to land and as the tide goes out. Come."

"But where?"

"You know the great jungle back of the Mfundisi's house. We will be in the heart of it before the sun rises tomorrow."

"But it is full of savage beasts."

"There are no beasts there so savage as the Manguni, or the Portuguese if they find us."

Thus were they driven to make the desperate attempt of wading out of the swamp with the water nearly up to their necks in places, and then making twenty miles in the dead of night through a country swarming with bloodthirsty savages. How they found their way through the night, avoiding all the kraals, is marvelous to me, for I could never find my way home in the day time alone, always getting off the path and wandering around, until I brought up at some kraal and secured a guide. But they dare not go near any kraal or place where the Manguni might be encamped.

Nevertheless, by the time the rising sun began to dispel the darkness of the thick undergrowth, they were safe in the Makodweni bush. Here they remained all day with

nothing to eat but a mandioc root which Tizora had pulled up on the way, and some wild fruit and honey they found in the bushes.

At nightfall, they ventured to creep towards the mission house. It was familiar ground and they knew every path leading to the place. When they got to the gap in the fence where I shot the leopard they stood still and listened a long time. As they heard no sound, they ventured to approach the house from the rear. It was entirely deserted and silent as a tomb. The windows were broken and the doors ajar.

They crept into the printing room and were dismayed to see the wreck made by the looting savages. The press was smashed and type, books, and paper scattered about. Pakete opened the front door and looked out and jumped back with a little scream.

"What is it?" inquired Tizora starting for the door.

"Stop! Go back quick!" she whispered terrified. "There's a man out there and he is going to throw his assegai."

But he had to see for himself and peered cautiously out. Yes, there was a man out there, sure enough, with an assegai poised ready for a throw as if he might be waiting for some one to come out; but he seemed to be very short and perfectly motionless. After regarding him intently for some minutes and perceiving not the slightest movement, Tizora picked up a quoin which lay on the floor and threw it at the man's head. Even this insult did not cause him to move or throw his spear. Tizora then went out to him. It was a Manguni warrior all right, but he was dead and stiff, and planted to his waist in the sand.

The meaning of it was plain. It was a threat of vengeance against the house—for what reason, Tizora at the time could not conceive.

Pakete cowered in the house, not daring to come out until her lover assured her there was nothing to be afraid of. She then came out but did not dare to approach the dread object.

She backed away toward a clump of bushes; then uttered a piercing scream. Up rose out of the bushes a huge Manguni with assegai and shield. Tizora sprang to protect her, but the savage got to her first and seized her. Then her betrothed lover was struck dumb with astonishment, for she gave another little scream, not of terror, but of joy and began to hug the fierce warrior. Furious with jealous rage, Tizora raised his club, his only weapon and came on. But she stayed him with "Stop. It's Angelasi!"

Yes, it was he! He had been lying in wait on the chance that some one from the mission would come back to the house.

"But what is this?" asked Tizora, pointing to the dead warrior.

"You can see. It is a threat of vengeance against the house."

"Yes, I see, but what have you got against our Mfundisi? He never did the Manguni any harm. You know it was his desire to go to Mandhlakazi and start a mission there for your people."

"Yes, I believe you. It was a mistake that will be pardoned when it is explained, as it will be when I see the King. I came here with a foraging party after the battle. I did not intend any harm to the mission. We only took what food we could find. But there were some bottles found stored away in a box.* I warned the men and tried to restrain them, but they managed to get a

* Probably tincture of aconite. I don't know of any other poison I had in bottles.

bottle out and drink it when I didn't see them. It made them deathly sick and one of them died as you see. Then the fury of the rest knew no bounds. They destroyed everything they found. If they could have got hold of the Mfundisi it would have meant death to him or any of his family. They know it is a common thing for the Portuguese to leave behind poisoned liquor. But they did not think the Mfundisi would do that."

"No, I am sure he would not," said Tizora "But he had medicines which were poison. He warned us of that when he poisoned the hyenas. But the rest of your army, where are they? Are we not in danger here?"

"No, they are gone."

"Gone!" the others echoed in astonishment.

"Yes; they got what they came for. They have taken the white horse with them back to the king at Mandhlakazi. I will hasten on and overtake them. I came back here to have a last look and perhaps get a sight of some of you who might have come back home. But where is the Mfundisi, and all the others?"

"They are all at Inhambane. We would not be here only we are fugitives and in hiding."

"Why? I do not understand."

Tizora then related all his late trials and adventures. When he had finished, Angelasi said: "Well, that *Sidhlova* (a savage) will not trouble you any more."

"We heard that from the wounded soldier; but who was the warrior who finished him?"

"Look at me. Lived another who had a better right?"

They looked at the stalwart warrior, while he took the grim satisfaction of a savage in relating that the one thing he longed for in joining the Manguni was to avenge himself for the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of that man.

AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"It was a heavy debt I owed him. For a long time it was mounting up, from the time he had me flogged in jail, when it was he that deserved the flogging, up to the time he kicked me and I knocked him down. But I have paid the debt."

"And ours, too," said Tizora. "We owed him more than you. We do not know even yet what may be in store for us from that man's friends. We are afraid to go back to Inhambane and we don't know where else to go."

"Then come with me."

They would have been inclined to accept the invitation. But they all knew the danger of it. They doubted if Angelasi had influence enough with the king to keep them from being made prisoners of war, in which case Tizora would be made a slave, and Pakete would be put in the king's harem—or in that of one of his chiefs. Angelasi left them, and while they were still considering, undecided what to do, help came from another source.

As soon as I had heard that the enemy had gone, I returned to Makodweni to look after the things we had left in our precipitous flight. Judge of my surprise, then, to find Tizora and Pakete there. It had been reported that they had been killed or taken captive.

We had prepared to go to Natal for needed change and recuperation. When I saw the destruction that had been wrought on all our property, books, press, and furniture, that decided us to take our furlough to America, which was already due. But before we started I married Tizora and Pakete and left them with Brother Blackman. "And they lived happily ever afterwards."

That ought to have been the happy ending of my story, but Rosé's brother came out from Portugal three years later and looking up the property of his deceased brother, he found the claim that had been bought of the Banian

trader. According to the law, it was a debt that could be collected. Pakete had in the meantime borne her husband two fine girl babies. He could have *lobolaed* them in liquidation of the claim. As he would not do that, he had to bind himself, as I have related in the beginning, to work and pay off the claim.

When I returned to Africa after two years in America, I was sent to another field among the Zulus in Natal, and I saw no more of Tizora and the mission at Makodweni, except when I was sent on the exploring expedition into Rhodesia, of which I spoke in the beginning of my narrative.

It may seem strange that Gungunyana did not follow up the advantage obtained by completely vanquishing the Portuguese army. But to those who know the African situation there was nothing strange about it. To rout an undisciplined army of Tongas in an ambush, was an entirely different proposition from crossing the bay and attacking the Portuguese in a fort mounted with cannon. This was really only a raid, similar to the many made in bygone years into the Portuguese possessions, but on a larger scale. Gungunyana was quite satisfied to return with the abundant loot he had obtained—and the white horse.

Some years later, when Gungunyana had moved his whole tribe down to the vicinity of Delgoa Bay, the regular Portuguese troops met him with modern armament and completely vanquished him, making him prisoner.

After our missionaries finally reached Mandhlakazi, which was before Gungunyana had migrated, Dr. Wilder, who was one of these pioneers of our East Central African Mission, on his return to Natal related something to me that made me think he had seen Angelasi. (I had never seen, or even heard of him since Tizora told me how

Angelasi had been revenged on Rosé.) Wilder said that in the great kraal of the king there was a stalwart warrior who helped to entertain the guests by chanting the story of the routing of the Portuguese—and of the coming back in triumph with the white horse!

APPENDIX A

A LETTER from the Rev. Ray E. Phillips of Johannesburgh, in the Yale Divinity Quarterly for March, shows that more came from that initial work at Inhambane than we hardly dared to expect. It is an account of Mr. Phillips' trip to Inhambane; a visit to many districts and schools; and a conference with sixty evangelists.

"The first connection with the Inhambane men was made by some of our early missionaries, who founded a work in East Africa, and for some time carried on there from Natal as a base. Though they were compelled to give up this work finally, the men there whom they reached have ever since looked to us as their Church guides. They have flocked to our churches on the Reef, which are in Dr. Bridgeman's charge, and have justified all efforts which have been made in their behalf. These young men have been fired with the zeal which filled the early Apostles. They have returned to their distant homes in the wilds and though lost to the sight of all but their newly found Heavenly Father, have sprouted, put forth leaves and borne fruit. . . .

"Over sixty of them came to meet us. Others were too far away to be notified in time. But for days we met with them, hearing reports of their work and talking over matters of all kinds. These young fellows are real apostles, no substitutes! In the face of opposition (the Portuguese State Church is Catholic), in spite of economic conditions bordering on serfdom, in spite of all the down-

ward influences of heathenism, and without the comfort and guidance of a single white missionary in their midst, they have left their heathen surroundings, gone out into the dense bush, have hewn down trees, planted gardens and organized Christian communities in seventy-five districts. They have built churches in forty-six of these, and in every district there's a school, taught in most cases by the young man himself. . . .

"Those sixty evangelists reported 746 church and class members and 905 children in school. Members absent in Johannesburgh were not reported."

APPENDIX B

ALL residents of Natal know of the Zulu baby girl whom Miss Barter, sister of a mayor of Pietermaritzburgh, took to England and educated in a high-class English boarding school. When she was brought back to Natal an accomplished young lady, she could only speak to her father through an interpreter.

I met the young lady in Zululand where she was living with her foster mother. If anyone blindfolded could see any difference between her and the young ladies of the best families of the colony, it would be on the side of the inferiority of the latter's accomplishments and culture.

On the other hand, it is not hard to find people in Natal or Pondoland of the purest white race brought up among the natives, whose language and even mentality is more like that of the natives than of Europeans.

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